

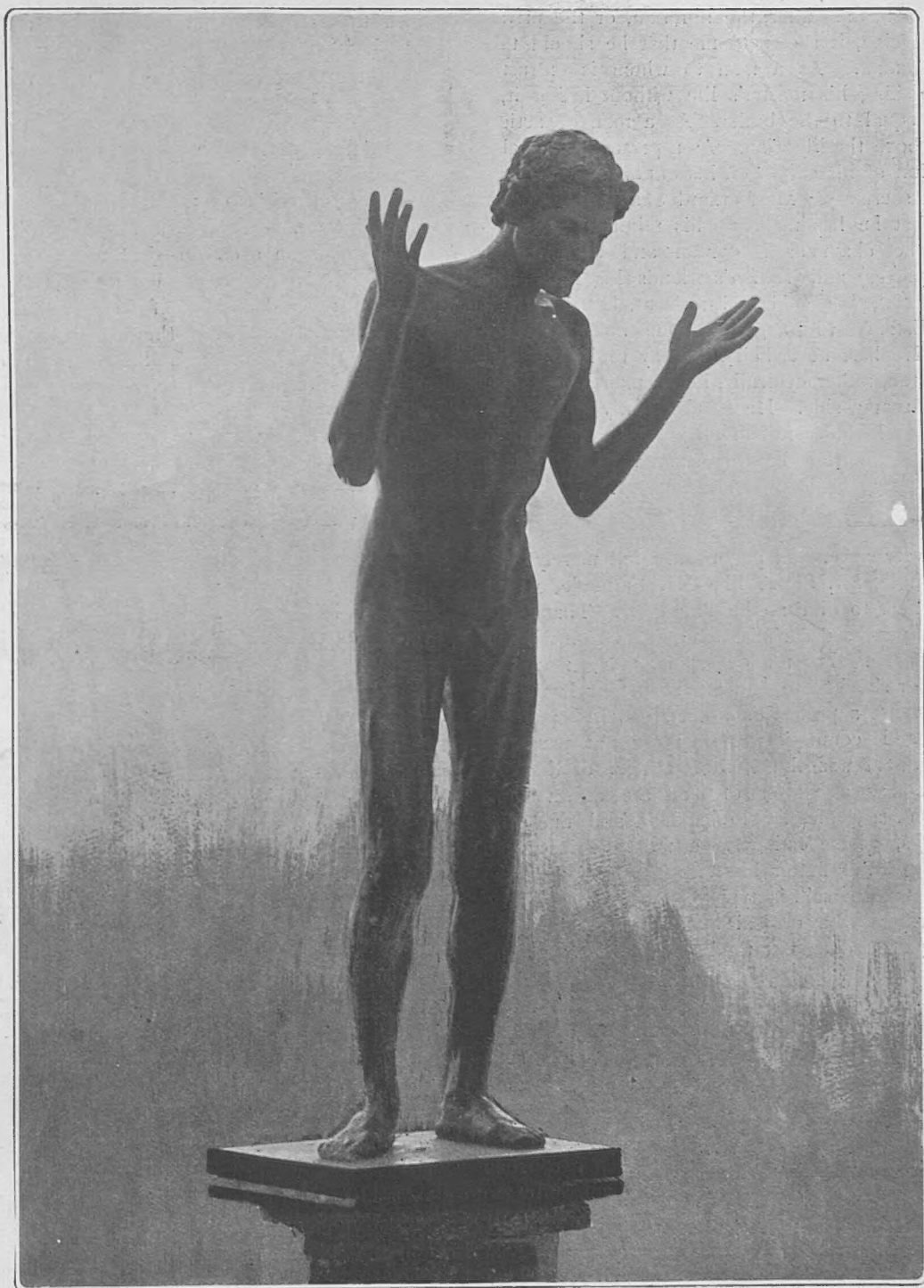
The Sketch



No. 640.—Vol. L.

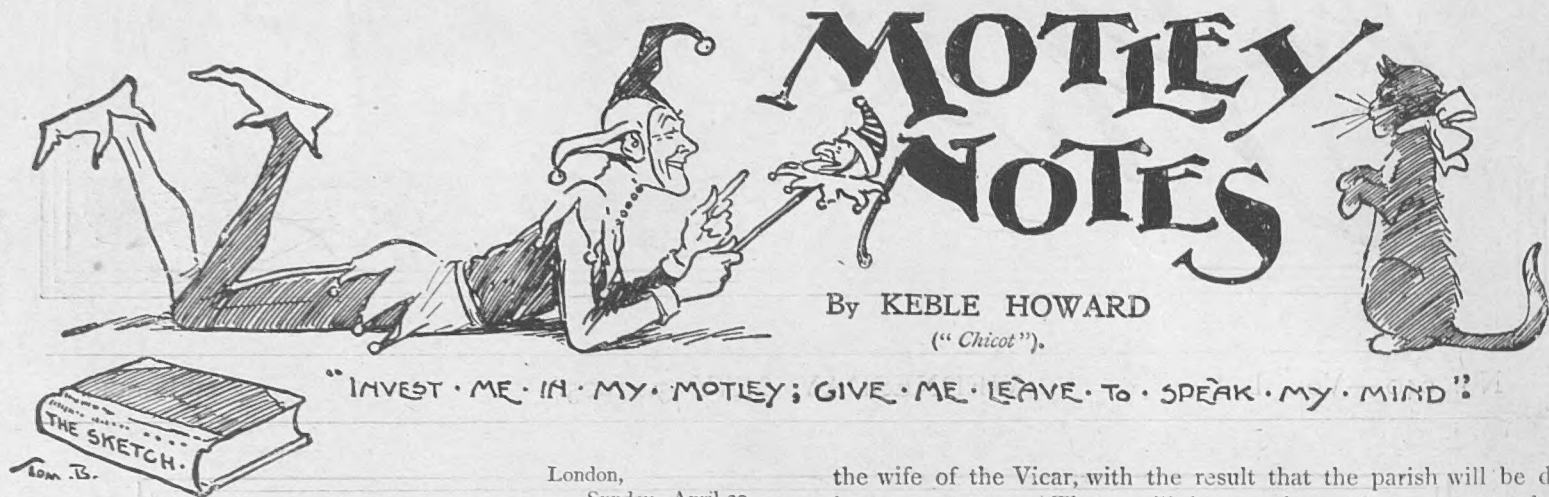
WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



REJECTED OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MR. HAVARD THOMAS'S "LYCIDAS."

Mr. Havard Thomas's life-sized statue in black wax, "Lycidas," has, since its rejection by the Academy and its acceptance by the New Gallery, in which it stands in the place of honour, been the centre of a good deal of acrimonious discussion. Mr. Thomas, speaking of the rejection of his work, has remarked: "Lycidas" does not mark any new tendency on my part, but a development of the style I have expressed for a long time." He also states that he intends to continue the development. It is interesting to note that examples of his work have been shown in the Royal Academy on a number of occasions, and as long as twenty years ago a statue of his, on similar lines to "Lycidas" and known as "The Slave Girl," was exhibited there. It is the sculptor's intention to make a permanent reproduction of "Lycidas" in marble or bronze.



London,
Sunday, April 30.

DO you ever worry, friend the reader, about things that don't concern you? Anyway, I do; and just now I am worrying over the social status of the professional chauffeur. Should he rank with the coachman, the butler, the librarian, or the private secretary? As a mechanician, it seems to me that he should take precedence of the coachman. As a man to whom is entrusted constantly the task of risking his master's life without losing it, I think he is more than equal to the butler. As a man of action, some might place him above the librarian. As a person who is able to prejudice the reputation of his employer, his opportunities are far greater than those of a secretary. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who amuses himself by pretending that he has made up his mind about everything, thus describes the chauffeur in "Man and Superman": "With Tanner (his employer) and Tanner's friends his manner is not in the least deferential, but cool and reticent, keeping them quite effectually at a distance whilst giving them no excuse for complaining of him. He has, nevertheless, a way of keeping his eye on them, and that, too, rather cynically, like a man who knows the world well from its seamy side. He speaks slowly and with a touch of sarcasm; and, as he does not at all affect the gentleman in his speech, it may be inferred that his smart appearance is a mark of respect to himself and his own class, not to that which employs him."

All of which sounds very clever and penetrating, but merely goes to show that, on the whole, Mr. Shaw, like Mr. Carnegie, would rather not invite his chauffeur to dine at the same table. That is the worst of looking to the professed socialist for guidance on matters of real socialistic importance. For my own part, being merely a sentimentalist, I was rather shocked to find all the papers last week making such a fuss because a professional chauffeur had married an heiress. So far as I could judge, they did not pause to inquire whether the chauffeur was the son of a peer or the son of a sweep. Chauffeurs, as a matter of fact, are drawn from both classes. I know of a professional chauffeur, and one who is not above taking tips, whose father is a most distinguished barrister. Mr. Shaw must not flatter himself, therefore, that the chauffeur in "Man and Superman" is typical. On the contrary, I believe that a chauffeur with a cynical manner would be quite exceptional. His occupation does not tend to make him cynical. One might as well expect to find cynicism in an engine-driver, whereas everyone who has ever had dinner with an engine-driver knows that he is the gentlest, most sympathetic of optimists. Both the engine-driver and the chauffeur, you see, are such masters of their crafts that they find it quite unnecessary to defend themselves against adverse criticism.

In reply to an article headed "Dearth of Curates," a gentleman signing himself "Master of Arts" has sent an indignant letter to the *Daily Telegraph*. He says that he recently answered fifty advertisements for curates in the *Church Times* and *Guardian*, and yet, despite the fact that he could offer unexceptionable testimony to experience, activity, preaching power, and character, the few answers that he received were unfavourable. Most of the advertisers wanted a young, single man who was musical, whereas "Master of Arts" is forty-seven, married, and not musical. Really, I don't think that he need be very surprised. If a curate is not young, he may gain the confidence of the parishioners more readily than the Vicar: that, of course, would never do. If he is not musical, he is useless for all such purposes as the organising of concerts in aid of the Church Restoration Fund. It is a curious fact that most Vicars are themselves unmusical, and dreadful duffers at getting up concerts. Finally, if the curate is married, his wife is certain to fall out with

the wife of the Vicar, with the result that the parish will be divided into two camps. There will be attacks, and counter-attacks, and the Vicar may possibly be persuaded to allow libellous statements concerning the Curate's wife's fringe to appear in the *Parish Magazine*. I beg "Master of Arts," therefore, to console himself with the reflection that most Vicars are merely Bachelors of Arts or Literates.

Apropos of Mr. Carnegie's latest benefaction, the *Westminster Gazette* takes the opportunity of regretting the lack of present-day financial support given to our own Oxford and Cambridge. The remark is probably justified; but my own recollection assures me that the authorities of the Universities mentioned are not altogether such children in finance as we were told by the late Cecil Rhodes. I remember an occasion—just to illustrate the straits to which an ancient University may be brought by lack of funds—when a Proctor concealed himself in a by-street and "progged" sixty men who were smoking the usual after-breakfast cigarette on their way to the Examination Schools. Each man had to pay five shillings—the penalty, of course, for smoking in academical dress.

That little rule, by the way, has earned many a nimble dollar for the University chest. A friend of mine was coming out of the Union one day in cap and gown. He had been smoking whilst glancing through the papers, and he was still holding his pipe in his hand.

"Will you kindly give me your name and College?" said the Proctor.

My friend gave it, and was told to wait upon the Proctor at nine o'clock the following morning.

"I must fine you five shillings," said the Proctor, kindly.

"May I inquire what for, sir?"

"Smoking whilst in academical dress," was the reply.

"But I wasn't smoking, sir."

"Pardon me, I saw a pipe in your hand."

"But it was out, sir."

"What were you doing with it in your hand, then?"

"Well, sir, I had been smoking."

"Exactly. That's why I am fining you five shillings."

"But I had been smoking in the Union, sir, not in the street."

"I really can't waste any more time arguing the point, Mr. Robinson. You will have to pay the fine."

And he did.

Stratford-on-Avon is now at its freshest and loveliest. The trees and hedges, as though anxious to take their part in the Birthday Festivities, have arrayed themselves in various shades of delicate green, and the gentle Avon, passing reverently beneath the old churchyard-wall, just acknowledges, with tiny ripples, the shy kisses of April. Under the circumstances, it is only fitting that Miss Marie Corelli should arise in her kindness and say pretty things about the parochial authorities and a certain window in the parish church. Miss Corelli, whose soul is the soul of the true artist, is naturally influenced by the coming of Spring to Stratford-on-Avon. It is a coincidence, she feels, yet none the less a beautiful coincidence, that the Spring comes to Stratford to grace the anniversary of the Poet's birth. At such a time, Miss Corelli would declare, all those who reverence the memory of the Master should unite in honouring his memory, in associating with the name of the town that he loved all that is sweetest in human life and conduct. That, I take it, is why she wrote to the *Daily Mail* last week to declare that a certain window in Shakspeare's Church is a "faked" affair and has not yet been paid for. All credit to Miss Corelli for having given her countrymen this timely lesson in Christian charity.

NAPOLEON ON THE STAGE:

APROPOS OF MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S APPEARANCE IN "THE CREOLE."



MR. MURRAY CARSON IN "A ROYAL DIVORCE."

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

a hundred years ago and less, and realise that, in the rare band of those to whom the purists would limit the word "genius," his name would have to be mentioned amongst the first half-dozen.

These two facts are—contradictory as the statement must seem—the very ones which make Napoleon something akin to an impossibility on the stage. The genius of the man was so overwhelming that it is well-nigh beyond the power of any actor to suggest it, and the part has within the last few years been represented by some of the most accomplished actors on the stage.

When Mr. Gilbert wrote "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" he poked considerable fun at the many impersonators of Hamlet, "Now tall, now short, now fat, now thin."

The humourist of to-day might make much the same remark with regard to the impersonators of Napoleon, who, though he was exceedingly slight in his youth, is generally regarded as a short, fat man, the rotundity of his figure being, no doubt, in part at least, due to his inveterate habit of eating sugar, a supply

ONE of the most remarkable signs of the times theatrical is the way in which Napoleon is dominating the thoughts of the actors, and, through them, those of the playwrights, or *vice versa*, to say nothing of the novelists, who seemingly find an inexhaustible source of inspiration in the career of the "Man of Destiny."

That Napoleon should thus influence those who may be said, without exaggeration, to live by their imagination is easily understandable when we think for a moment of the overwhelming part he played in the world

played by Mr. Holbrook Blinn when Mr. George Edwardes first produced the musical version of "Madame Sans-Gêne." In "A Royal Divorce," Napoleon is being played by Mr. J. H. Clyndes, while in London the part has been played by, amongst others, Mr. Hermann Vezin, who followed Mr. Murray Carson at the old Olympic Theatre. At the Olympic, indeed, Napoleon appeared once before, not as the dominating figure of the play, but as a very incidental character, without even a single line to speak. This was in an adaptation of the late Robert Buchanan's novel, "The Shadow of



MR. MARTIN HARVEY IN "THE EXILE."

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

the Sword," which was produced by the late John Coleman and was a disastrous failure.

How many actors have played Napoleon in "Madame Sans-Gêne" it would be more than difficult to say, for the play has been produced in America as well as in France and other countries, though Sir Henry Irving's name naturally springs at once to the mind by reason of his production of the play at the Lyceum, as well as for the fact that he used every artifice of the stage to dwarf his stature, and, in spite of everything, succeeded only in conveying the impression of a tall, thin man. The Napoleon of the thin physique in the early part of his life, and the Napoleon grown fat, Mr. Lewis Waller represented at the Imperial, when Mrs. Langtry produced "Mademoiselle Mars," but the character scarcely afforded him opportunity for the display of his brilliant gifts. This, however, will be more than repaired in the autumn, for, according to the gossip in the theatrical world, the Napoleon play which it

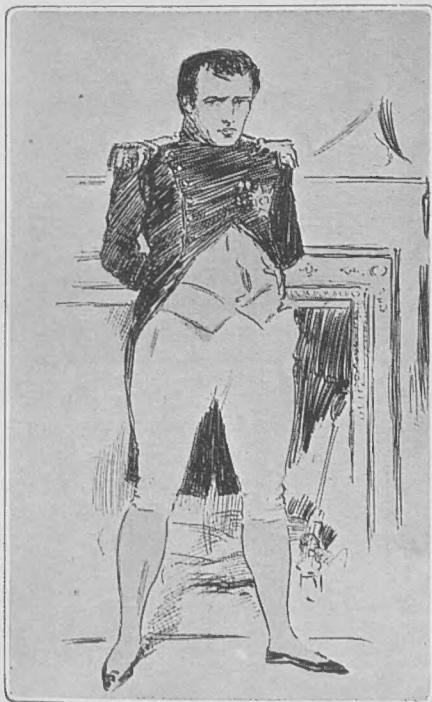


MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S MODEL FOR HIS MAKE-UP AS NAPOLEON IN "THE CREOLE". GUÉRIN'S NAPOLEON.

of which he always kept in his pockets; and it is probably from this source also that some of his remarkable energy was derived, for modern men of science have shown that sugar is a potent factor in the production of energy.

While Mr. Maude is to be the next Napoleon, in the one-Act play which Mr. Louis N. Parker has written for him, he is by no means the only representative of the "Little Corporal" on the stage at present. There are at least two plays running in which he figures, "A Royal Divorce" and "The Duchess of Dantzic," the one showing Napoleon in drama pure and simple, and the other making him the hero of a play with music. In the latter, Napoleon is represented by Mr. Matthew Brodie, who appears in the part

is Mr. Waller's intention to produce next season is the finest drama ever written on the subject which the genius of Sha—no, the name is Shaw, not Shakspeare—has also touched in "A Man of Destiny," the hero of which was played by Mr. Granville Barker; while Napoleon was acted not very long ago by Mr. Martin Harvey at the Royalty Theatre. In the years that were earlier, a woman represented Napoleon, for in a burlesque at the Strand Theatre Miss Charlotte Saunders made-up wonderfully like him. In this connection, too, it is interesting to recall the fact that the model who stood to Mr. Orchardson for his "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon" was a lady who was noted for the remarkable resemblance she bore to the Great Adventurer.



SIR HENRY IRVING IN "MADAME SANS-GÊNE."

From the Drawing by A. E. Sterner.



MR. LEWIS WALLER IN "MADEMOISELLE MARS."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.



"ROMEO AND JULIET"—"HER OWN WAY"—"WHAT PAMELA WANTED"—

THE MERMAID REPERTORY THEATRE.

THE popular dramatists of this Easter have been Shakspeare and some others. By Mr. Waller the poet is treated with considerable respect: and Mr. Tree has been busy upon a dazzling panorama illustrative of the way in which Shakspeare can be adapted to his most entertaining ends. That Mr. Waller's Romeo would be more Mr. Waller than Romeo was only natural, and to be expected. This will not endanger the popularity of the revival: Mr. Waller's audiences clearly do not wish him to be anything but himself. But it prevents one from feeling, as one felt throughout "Henry V.," "This is indeed what Shakspeare meant." In his strength and fury and despair he is admirable; but he loves not as a poet loves. Emotion brings hoarseness rather than tenderness into his voice, and the humour and vigour of Waller do not mix readily with the dreamy passion of Romeo. I enjoyed the humour and vigour, and it may therefore be ungracious thus to pick holes in a really fine performance merely because it does not come up to a preconceived and possibly unattainable ideal. It was, perhaps, only in the light of this ideal that Miss Evelyn Millard's Juliet fell short. There are moments—the moments of supreme tragedy—when her powers are taxed to the utmost, and the girlishness of some of the earlier scenes seemed a trifle overdone; but these were but small blemishes in a fascinating and beautiful performance which will do much to enhance her reputation. Mr. Esmond's Mercutio defies some conventions, is consistently clever, and, at the end, quite brilliant, and Miss Mary Rorke played the Nurse in a subdued key, without any attempt to be too broadly comic. One or two other things in the production might also be subdued: the moonbeam on the balcony, for instance, and the colour of some of the flowers in the garden.

It would be pleasant to say nothing but nice things about Miss Maxine Elliott and the play with which she has come once more to this country; and it is comforting to know that both will be an enormous success. So delightful an actress deserves success even when making bricks with very inferior straw. There seem to be two ways of treating Mr. Clyde Fitch, the author of "Her Own Way": one is not polite to America, and the other is not polite to Mr. Fitch. I remember that when "In Dahomey" came to town, it was received with amused toleration, as an interesting specimen of self-expression by the representatives of a somewhat primitive civilisation. So, when "The Worst Woman in London" glittered for a brief space before our eyes at the Adelphi, we were not angry: we examined with curiosity and indulgence the drama as known on the Surrey side. Neither the dark gentlemen from the corn-fields nor the inhabitants of the Borough High Street would have felt flattered by the implied estimate of their intellectual capacity. Mr. Fitch is not on the same level as those two examples of contemporary drama, but he has a wonderful power of dishing up (and spoiling) ancient and hackneyed

situations without any attempt at originality, and with a courage which would receive short shrift if it were displayed by any British dramatist with a soul to call his own. It is a little hard on the intelligence of a great and friendly nation (which, to do it justice, seems to be appreciating Mr. Bernard Shaw while he is still a curiosity in England) to smile benignly on "Her Own Way" because it is delivered by American actors with a powerful American accent.



"RIP VAN WINKLE": THE LATE JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

To say that the late Joseph Jefferson, the well-known American actor, was a man of but a single part would, of course, be unfair, but that he is chiefly known and that he will always be remembered by his "Rip Van Winkle" goes almost without saying. Born in the buskin, he made his appearance at the age of four, impersonating the famous nigger-minstrel Thomas D. Rice, who carried him on to the stage in a carpet-bag. Much of his time afterwards was filled by his engagements in Stock Companies. "Rip Van Winkle" was first produced in 1859, and was an enormous success, so much so that after 1865 Mr. Jefferson seldom appeared in any other part.

It would be more complimentary to employ the method of criticism which is not polite to Mr. Fitch, but suggests that there may be some playgoers in America whose tastes are not fairly represented by invertebrate melodrama and fantastic pictures of impossible vulgarity. Mr. Fitch's popularity is such that he will not mind; it will not check the flow of—how many plays is it that he produces per annum? Which having been said, I hasten to add that, whatever the play may be, some of its dialogue is, by sheer Americanism, quite funny; that Miss Georgie Lawrence should make her fortune as a deliverer of music-hall patter; and that, above all, Miss Maxine Elliott is such a fascinating heroine that, as she has come back, all will be forgiven. Or, if not all, at any rate a great deal.

Miss Ethel Irving is, with regard to "What Pamela Wanted," in something of the same position as Miss Elliott, but the play should serve her purpose for the present. It is a little French farce of no very great pretensions, into which Mr. Charles Brookfield has managed to infuse enough of his own wit to make the evening pass pleasantly. I was not able to see the whole of the play, owing to the laws of space and time, but I saw enough to discover that Madame de Gresac and M. Pierre Veber had devised a situation between a husband and a wife, an actress and a comic baronet, which resembled situations that had been devised before, but gave Miss Irving a chance of showing that she is as clever in comedy and in the more serious business of "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont." She is fully justified in following the example of Miss Marie Tempest, and seems likely to meet with equal success when she has found the right play.



M. Le Bargy

Mme. Bartet.

ANOTHER FRENCH PLAY FOR LONDON: A SCENE FROM HENRI LAVEDAN'S "LE DUEL," OF WHICH MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER HAS ACQUIRED THE ENGLISH RIGHTS.

"Le Duel," recently produced at the Comédie Française, has been generally accepted by the French critics as one of the most important plays presented on their stage in recent years. The plot is woven round the endeavours of two brothers, the first a priest, who wishes to obtain a spiritual hold over the heroine, the second a medical man, of atheistical views, who is equally anxious to obtain physical supremacy. At the Française, the priest was played by M. Le Bargy, the doctor by M. Duffos, and the heroine, the Duchesse de Chaille, by Mme. Bartet. Mr. Bouchier will himself adapt the piece for the English stage.

Photograph by Boyer.

The Mermaid Society represents a tendency, and its revival of "The Critic" deserves more notice than in the rush of Easter productions it has been able to get. It produced as a curtain-raiser a little piece which roused sympathy as an attempt to be intensely beautiful and full of meaning; but no amount of sympathy could save "Anty Bligh." "The Critic" was much more encouraging, and shows that the Society (or, as it is now called, the "Mermaid Repertory Theatre") is developing a really competent Stock Company which finds no difficulty with Sheridan, and should be equally at home in the plays by Ben Jonson, W. S. Gilbert, John Webster, and Haddon Chambers which are to follow soon.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" AS SHAKSPERE WOULD HAVE HAD IT PLAYED.



MR. ESMÉ PERCY AND MISS DOROTHY MINTO (A JULIET IN HER TEENS) IN ELIZABETHAN COSTUME AS ROMEO AND JULIET.

Mr. Esmé Percy and Miss Dorothy Minto have been chosen by Mr. Poël, of the Elizabethan Stage Society, to play the parts of Romeo and Juliet at the Royalty Theatre, Soho, on Friday next. The production will be acted in Elizabethan costume, on a model stage of the Elizabethan Play House. Miss Dorothy Minto is still in her teens. She began to study with Miss Bateman before she left school, then toured with Mr. F. R. Benson, and in December last created the part of Nan in Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness." Mr. Esmé Percy is also a Bensonian, having played various parts for over a year in the first Company.

Photograph by Window and Grove.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and during the WEEK, at 8,
JULIUS CÆSAR.
SPECIAL MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT—HAMLET.
MONDAY NEXT, May 8 (for four nights),
TWELFTH NIGHT.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in THE WALLS OF JERICO, by Alfred Sutro. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MR. FRANK CURZON. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. LADY MADCAP. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Sir Charles Wyndham. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8.45. MR. HOPKINSON. An Original Farce in Three Acts by R. C. CARTON. Preceded at 8.15 by MR. NELSON JACKSON. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 3.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.—Tita Brand's Season. EVERY EVENING, at 8, OTHELLO.
Mr. Hubert Carter, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. A. E. Anson, Miss Granville, and Miss Tita Brand. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
EVERY EVENING, at 8,
ROMEO AND JULIET.
MUSIC: GOUNOD'S "ROMEO ET JULIETTE."
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

LYRIC. Lessee, MR. WILLIAM GREET.
Under the Management of MR. TOM B. DAVIS.
MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT'S SEASON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 (Doors open 8), a New Play by Clyde Fitch, entitled
HER OWN WAY.
MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30. Box Office now open.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
Chairman, MR. H. E. MOSS.
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TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved.
Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Telegrams, "Coliseum, London." Telephone Nos. 7689 Gerrard for Boxes (£2 2s. and £1 1s.), 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. seats, and 7699 Gerrard for 1s. and 6d. seats. Children under 12 Half-price to all Stalls.

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Popular Prices. Children Half-price.
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NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION,
EARL'S COURT.
The LORD MAYOR OF LONDON will OPEN the EXHIBITION in STATE, on
SATURDAY, May 6.
SEASON TICKETS, 10s. 6d.,
which entitle owner to be present at the opening ceremony, can now be obtained at the Exhibition and all Libraries.
Admission on Opening Day, before 2 p.m., 2s. 6d.; afterwards, and Daily, 1s.
Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

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Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping, and Fishery Sections.
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Concerts by the BANDS of the ROYAL MARINES, 21st LANCERS, and the EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.

NAVAL AND SHIPPING EXHIBITION.
In the EMPRESS HALL. "WITH THE FLEET."
LIFE IN A CRUISER. "WITH THE FLEET."
The Handy Man at Work. "WITH THE FLEET."
The Handy Man at Play. "WITH THE FLEET."
L'Entente Cordiale. "WITH THE FLEET."
Saluting the French Squadron. "WITH THE FLEET."
Gun and Cutlass Drills. Storm at Sea.
"WITH THE FLEET." LIFE IN A CRUISER.
Trafalgar 1805—Professor Fleischer's Great Work,
DEATH OF NELSON.
West's "Our Navy." Maxim's Captive Flying Machine. Fairy Grotto. Indian Canoes.
Great CANADIAN INDIAN VILLAGE.—Chiefs, Artisans, Squaws, and Papooses.
Hall of Monarchs. Voyage in a Submarine.
Vanderdecken's Haunted Cabin. Famous Shipwrecks.
Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tillikum Canoe. Auto-Photographic
Portraiture. Switchback. Chutes.
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Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

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GENERAL NOTES.

FOR many years past the King has set the fashions for men in Paris, and so the French journalists who are accompanying him on French soil have made particular note of every point in his dress. The chief thing upon which they have seized is King Edward's habit of wearing a glove upon his right hand and none upon his left, which is the exact opposite of what is usually done. The reason for the change is very simple: the King, in the course of his travels, shakes hands with all sorts of people, and he wears his glove upon the right hand as a protection. But, for all that, the French dandies will this season wear their gloves "à la Edouard," and pride themselves that they are "du dernier cri."

The noise of the Far Eastern conflict helps to drown the discords produced by the Concert of Europe, and the smoke and dust-storms of Manchuria blind the public eye and keep it from observing the atrocities of the Balkans. The political situation between the Adriatic and the Black Sea is just as bad as ever, and some of the atrocities reported in small type on the back-sheets of the newspapers are altogether sickening. Greeks murder Moslems with every accompanying torture that a degraded imagination can suggest; Turks respond by treating Macedonians in similar fashion. The Powers—strange title!—look on and talk and send reports to one another. There seems little to choose between Christian and Mohammedan in the Balkan States. Each has a horrid lust for blood, and indulges it as often, as freely, and as safely as he can. Love of liberty is given as the excuse, but love of fighting is the real explanation of the existing state of things. The Balkans need an impartial tyrant, who has a free hand and absolute immunity from the interference of Exeter Hall and the Nonconformist Conscience. It might be necessary for him to drench the ground with the blood of able-bodied men of every race for a while, but the fruits of peace would grow from the soil, and the killing might be limited to men. At present women and children are having an unfair share of it.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

FOLKESTONE STEEPLECHASES,
MONDAY, MAY 8.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

LEAVING		LEAVING	
*CHARING CROSS	11 5	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	11 17
*CHARING CROSS	10 40	(Changing at Tonbridge.)	
WATERLOO	10 42	BRIGHTON	9 50
	11 10	LEWES	10 10
LONDON BRIDGE	10 40	EASTBOURNE	10 30
*NEW CROSS	11 15	MARGATE SANDS	10 10
EAST CROYDON	10 57	RAMSGATE TOWN	10 20
RED HILL	10 23	CANTERBURY WEST	11 4
EDENBRIDGE	10 43	CANTERBURY SOUTH	11 13
PENSHURST	11 12	DOVER TOWN	11 50
TONBRIDGE	11 21		12 20
CHATHAM (Central)	11 30	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION	12 0
STROOD (S.E.)	10 42		12 15
MAIDSTONE BARRACKS	11 0	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL	12 4
MAIDSTONE WEST	11 21		12 32
ASHFORD	11 25		12 17
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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty-nine (from January 18 to April 12, 1905) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.



THE HOSTESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO CARDIFF: LADY WINDSOR.

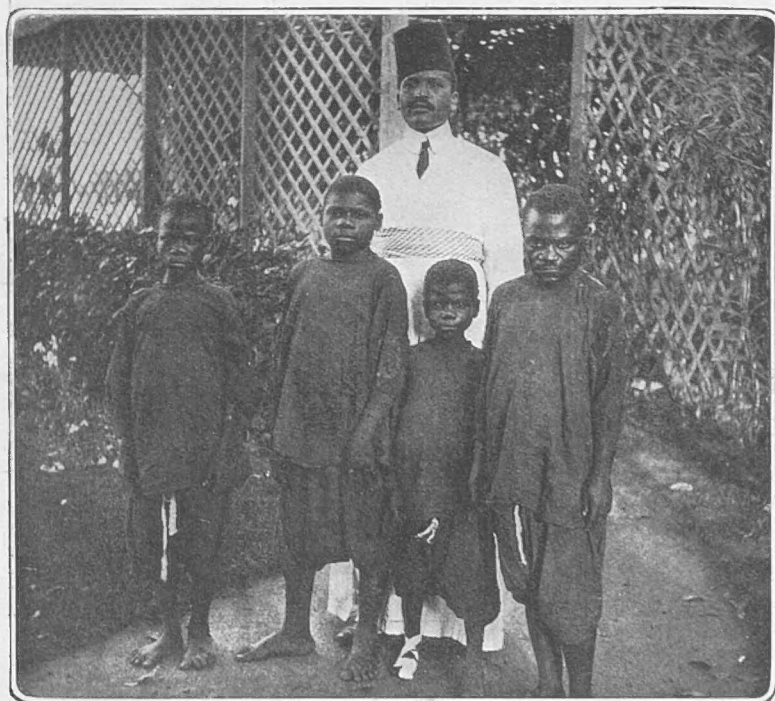
Lord and Lady Windsor will entertain the Prince of Wales, who may be accompanied by the Princess, when His Royal Highness lays the foundation-stone of the South Wales University College at Cardiff next month. His Royal Highness will, of course, stay at St. Fagan's Castle.

Photograph by Whitlock.

yet had time to formulate any striking new schemes. Lord and Lady Windsor's eldest son and heir comes of age this year.

*Mr. Havard
Thomas's
"Lycidas."*

The stir occasioned in artistic circles by the Royal Academy's rejection of Mr. Havard Thomas's "Lycidas," now in the place of honour in the New Gallery, is not surprising, and it is to be hoped that it will lead to reform in the methods of judgment adopted by the Committee which represents the "Forty Immortals" in such matters. It is, indeed, meet that Mr. Thomas should now gain general recognition, for it is to his honour that he has laboured not only continuously but unostentatiously along the lines which have brought him to his present most considerable achievement, a work that will set every artist and every student of art awaiting his next effort with eagerness. Amongst artists, in point of fact, his position has long been secured, although to the man in the street he was comparatively unknown until a few days ago—a state of affairs possibly accounted for in this most insular of islands by his long residence in Italy. It is interesting to note



PIGMIES FROM DARKEST AFRICA: THE GENUINE STANLEY DWARFS BROUGHT TO CAIRO BY COLONEL HARRISON.

The Stanley dwarfs discovered by Colonel Harrison, and taken by him to Cairo, where they are now detained, are shown in our photograph standing by the side of a man of ordinary stature. They range from 3 feet 8 inches to 4 feet 6 inches in height, and are full-grown.

Photograph by Illustrated Bureau.

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

THE announcement that the First Commissioner of Works and his wife are to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales at St. Fagan's Castle, their fine Glamorganshire seat, has aroused great interest in the neighbourhood. Lord Windsor belongs to the stately, old-fashioned section of our great nobility, and his peerage is three hundred and fifty years old. He and his wife have marked artistic tastes, a fact which will doubtless have a happy influence on the future public buildings of London, for the First Commissioner of Works, who succeeded, it will be remembered, Mr. Akers-Douglas comparatively recently, has not

that he is a Bristol man. A statue of his of Mr. Samuel Morley stands in Bristol, and another in Nottingham, while at Bradford he is represented by a presentment of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster. He was a pupil at the Bristol Art School, and afterwards studied as a National Scholar at South Kensington, and under Cavalier at the École des Beaux-Arts. His statuette, the "Castagnetti," was shown at the Royal Academy three years ago.

*King Alfonso as
Motorist.*

his Ministers an excellent opportunity for renewing their warnings as to the risks he runs by indulging in the pleasures of motoring. His Majesty was driving in his electric car the other day, in company with the Queen-Dowager and the Infanta Teresa, and was ascending the Paseo de San Vicente, when the brake of the motor broke, and the car began to run backwards down the hill. Curiously enough, a collision saved a catastrophe, the fact that the vehicle was stopped by others coming up behind it alone preventing a disaster. Luck was certainly with His Most Catholic Majesty on that day.

*Sir Henry
Durand
and Omar
Khayyám.*

Should the members of the Omar Khayyám Society decide to offer the Loaf of Bread and Flask of Wine to Sir Henry Mortimer Durand while that distinguished diplomatist is enjoying his leave in this country, the act will be the more graceful in that an attempt of Sir Henry's to secure them one of their desires resulted in a story against them. It came about that, while he was Minister at Teheran, certain followers of the Tent-maker wished that the tomb of the poet might be repaired, and persuaded him to interview the Shah and request a grant for the purpose from the Persian Treasury. The answer was one that proved that Omar's popularity in his own country is no greater now than it was in his own time, when his audacity in thought and speech, no less than the particular metre of his verse, earned him many enemies. "Not a penny," said the Shah, in effect. "If Omar Khayyám is so dear to them, let them erect a memorial themselves. We have many better poets." Truly—

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

*"Great Scott and
Hully-gee!"*

Mr. Alan Dale, the well-known American dramatic critic, has been waxing satirical over the "Cingalee" case. "London," he writes, "has discovered what New York never even imagined. London has discovered that in the very worst and rankest of musical comedies there lurks a plot! Not only that, but the plot is a distinct asset that may be stolen. It has a value—Great Scott and hully-gee!—and its larceny may be estimated by a suit for damages. . . . Possibly this particular Jury was composed of clairvoyants, or psychometrists, or crystal-gazers. Perhaps they held the manuscripts of the Messrs. Tanner and Fraser to their foreheads and found the plots in that way." As Mr. Dale has it, "Great Scott and hully-gee!"



BORN A KING: HIS MOST CATHOLIC MAJESTY ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN AT THE AGE OF TWO.

Photograph by Fernando Debas.



AN ARTIST AT HOME: MR. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., AT NEWLYN.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

The Pleasantest Sight in Cornwall. Newlyn without Stanhope Forbes would be like "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. Other artists have come and gone, but Stanhope Forbes and his delightful artist-wife remain. They are building a new house as proof of their attachment to the place, with a wonderful studio in which Mr. Forbes says he is going to paint his big picture. The school at the Meadow Studios has grown so big that it takes a large slice of his time. Not that he minds this, for he is an enthusiastic teacher and takes pride in a clever pupil. In this school he has classes both for the figure and for costume, and it may be questioned whether any London school turns out such excellent work. Mr. Forbes

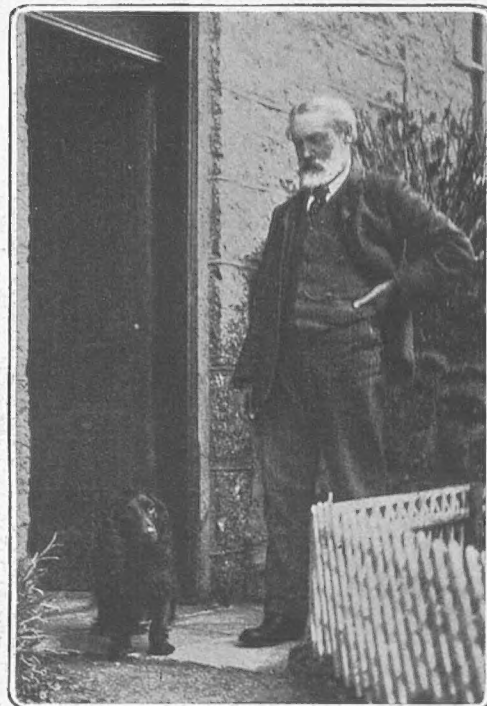
is very sociable and unassuming, in spite of his success, and the familiar figure with the umbrella will long be the pleasantest sight in Cornwall.

A Fair Yachtswoman.

Baroness de Forest, the young sister of Lord Gerard and the wife of the immensely wealthy Austrian nobleman who has made his home in this country, is devoted to the sea. It was to please her that the Baron had his superb yacht, *The Honour*, built from the designs of the late G. L. Watson, and the Baroness herself arranged the beautiful fittings of each state-room. This splendid floating-palace, which has just been christened by Lady Mar and Kellie, will arouse the greatest interest and enthusiasm at Cowes and place the Baroness in the first flight of yachting hostesses.

Mr. David Farquharson, A.R.A.

Mr. David Farquharson, the most recent and, at the same time, one of the oldest of our A.R.A.'s, is no relation to Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., who is of an Aberdeenshire family, while



AN ARTIST AT HOME: MR. DAVID FARQUHARSON, A.R.A., WITH HIS DOG, "SNUFF," AT SENNEN COVE.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

be a unique series of pictorial libels, with the aid of a strap scientifically applied. Whatever they are, however, the snapshots must be exceedingly interesting: to have "got him dead" was by no means an ordinary achievement; in the majority of his photographs he is nothing if not alive.

April 1st in Turkey. Turkish officialdom is astounded: on the 1st of April—most appropriate of dates for an occurrence almost without precedent—it received its pay in full. It is now wondering whether this is to be taken as a red herring drawn across the track, and whether, to adopt Captain Swinton's delightful mixed metaphor, the red herring will in due time come home to roost.



THE HOSTESS OF THE YACHT, "THE HONOUR": BARONESS DE FOREST.

Photograph by Thomson.

David comes from Perth. His studio has a magnificent look-out over the sea and rocks at Sennen Cove, a romantic little village about two miles from Land's End. David Farquharson came to Cornwall about ten years ago, and seems inclined to stay there. Quite an artist colony has grown up at Sennen, amongst the others who have settled there being A. J. Black, a faithful exponent of fisher-life. Mr. Farquharson lives in a delightful little cottage with his son and daughter and his little dog, "Snuff."

President Roosevelt Photographed by his Son.

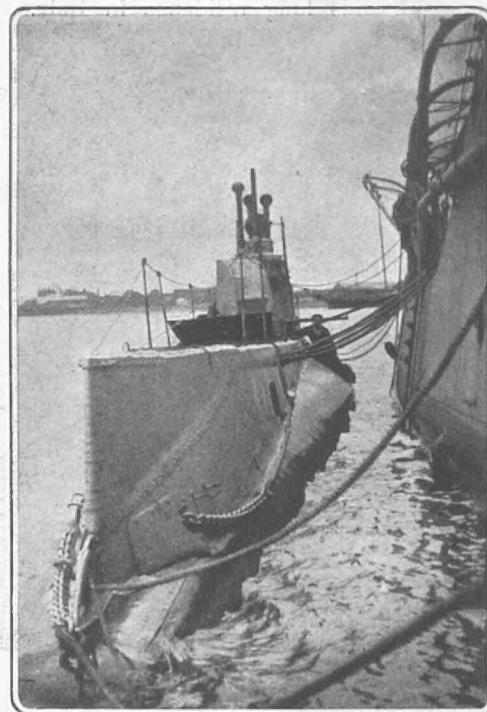
Kermit Roosevelt has been photographing his father—so an American journal tells us—and he has described the operation in a letter to a school friend. "I snapped Papa all right at the inauguration," he says. "I told him I should, but I guess he thought I'd be too rattled. It was dead easy. My camera was loaded for bear, and I warned him he'd better look pleasant. I was on the Capitol steps, only a little distance behind where the Chief Justice stood. When the time came for Papa to make his spiel, I got ready. The only trouble was the duffers that kept getting in the way. Before he'd said a dozen words my chance came. Somebody in front of me got his elbow out of the way and I let her go. I felt I'd got him dead, and could hardly wait to develop the negative." "Teddy's" own comments upon the performance have not been recorded, but if the resulting prints are anything like many of those we have already seen of him he may have the chance of revenging what must



THE GREAT EXHIBITION AT LIÈGE: THE FAÇADE OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

The Liège Exhibition was officially opened by Prince Albert on April 27, but it need hardly be said that it was in a decidedly chaotic condition—a state of things apparently inevitable on such occasions. The first tickets, indeed, were sold bearing the naïf inscription, "To visit the works only," and it is expected that the Exhibition will not be thoroughly presentable for at least a week or two.

Photograph by W. Layton.



THE NEW FORM OF SUBMARINE FOR THE BRITISH NAVY: THE "B 1."

The "B 1" is the first of the new type of large submarines. The height of her deck from the water-line, and her curious ram, like that of a torpedo-boat, should be specially noted. It is understood that three submarine-boat flotillas are to be formed at the principal home ports. Five vessels of the "A" class will be stationed at Devonport; submarines 1 to 5 at Sheerness; and five vessels of "B" class at Portsmouth.

Photograph by Cribb.

THE ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE ROYAL HOUSES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



PRINCESS MARGARET VICTORIA AUGUSTA CHARLOTTE NORAH OF CONNAUGHT AND PRINCE OSCAR FREDERICK WILLIAM OLAF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, DUKE OF SCHONEN, ELDEST SON OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

There is very little doubt that the wedding of Princess Margaret and Prince Oscar will take place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as it is believed that the Princess has expressed a desire that the ceremony shall take place at the scene of the marriage of her father and mother. Her Royal Highness is now busily engaged learning Swedish, a special tutor engaged by the Prince having already arrived from Stockholm.

Photograph by Reutlinger; copyright Rotary Photograph Company.

The Wives of the Cabinet.

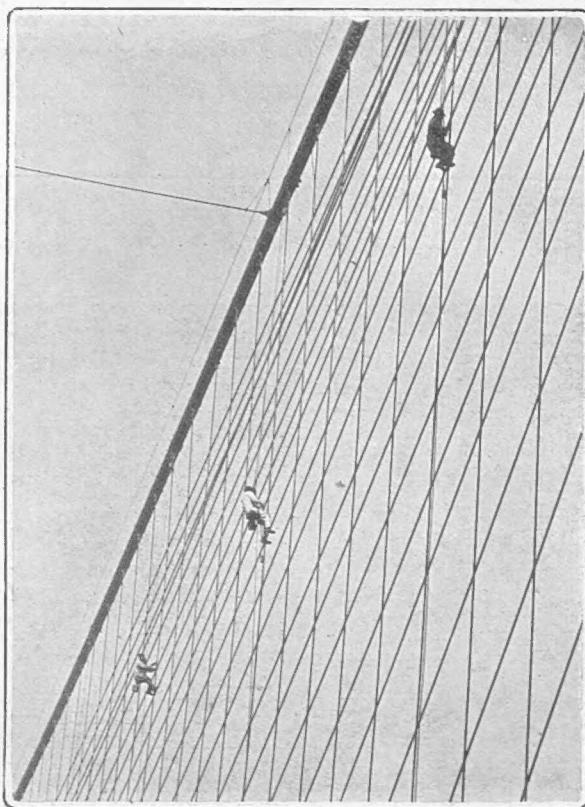
In some ways the great political hostess of the day is not so important a personage as she was fifty years ago; but still the fact that the present Government is so rich in fair supporters has certainly been a valuable asset to Mr. Balfour and his friends. For the first time for many years a bachelor is the Premier, and at his official receptions the feminine honours are done by his clever sister, Miss Balfour, who is probably quite as keenly interested in political matters as are any of the wives of the Cabinet.

Of this important group of great ladies, the most noteworthy, both from the point of view of the Party and from that of Society, is the Marchioness of Lansdowne, now in the deepest family-mourning owing to the death of her beloved mother, the Duchess of Abercorn. Perhaps her place will be taken this Season by the Marchioness of Londonderry, long famed in the annals of Tory entertaining. Lady Salisbury bears a great name, and in Arlington House possesses one of the most stately of London mansions, and one admirably adapted to the giving of great political receptions. Mrs. St. John Brodrick is also in deep mourning, through the death of her step-father, Lord St. Helier, but, in spite of her youth, she already takes rank with the leading hostesses of her husband's Party. And the same may be said of Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, who finds time also to write plays and stories.

Lady Doreen Long, who has taken the place of Lady Grosvenor in the official world of Irish Society, will be a loss to London, where her bright, cheery presence will be much missed, both at St. Stephen's and in her own hospitable house. On the other hand, Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes and Lady Cawdor should strengthen the drawing room side of Cabinet life and interests, for they are both beautiful and accomplished women. Lady Alice Stanley inherits her mother the Duchess of Devonshire's great social gifts, while yet another wife of a Cabinet Minister who is too little seen in London is Lady Betty Balfour, Lord Lytton's gifted sister and a sister-in-law of the Premier.

"Mesdames les Ministresses."

It was Alphonse Daudet, who had an intense dislike to the official world, who first so dubbed the wives of the various members of the French Ministry! As an actual fact, these ladies by no means play the great rôle in Parisian Society which is played by the fairer halves of British Cabinet Ministers; but they have many more official duties than fall to the lot of the latter, and, as a rule, get through them with French thoroughness. Further, most of them rejoice in beautiful official residences, and in this matter Madame Delcassé, whose remarkable husband has been so much discussed during the last week, is to be envied as the mistress of the fine building known as "The Ministry of Foreign Affairs," an Italian-looking Palace



NERVE-TESTING WORK: PAINTING BROOKLYN BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

on the Quai D'Orsay; it is there that she receives the Corps Diplomatique and the many officials who consider themselves, because of their position in the Government, privileged to be on calling terms with her.

Peculiarly delicate is the position of Madame Bertheaux, who, as wife of the Minister of War, is official hostess of a large section of Legitimist and Imperialist Society, which regards a non-military Minister with ill-concealed dislike and contempt. Madame Bertheaux is, however, full of tact, and has made herself very much liked by the Republican section of the Army and of its chiefs. One of the pleasantest of Ministerial posts in Paris is that now held by M. Bienvenu-Martin; the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts is, naturally, much appreciated in the artistic world, for it is his pleasant duty to give commissions to rising talent. His wife is also expected to show a considerable personal interest in the schools of Paris, and they both pay frequent visits to educational establishments of every kind. More grim are the functions of the Minister of Justice, the most painful of whose duties is to reject petitions imploring mercy and the repeal of sentences. He and his wife, Madame Chaumié, have, however, delightful quarters in the stately, old-world Place Vendôme. The Ministries are scattered over what may be called

Old Paris, on either side of the Seine; thus, M. Gauthier, the Minister of Public Works, has his official residence in the Boulevard St. Germain, far away from the Elysée, but not far from the Ministry of Commerce. The most splendidly lodged of all French official ladies, if Madame Loubet be excepted, is Madame Rouvier, the wife of the Minister of Public Finance, whose official home is in no less a place than the beautiful Pavillon de Rohan, forming part of the Louvre Palace.

Second-in-Command of the Channel Fleet.

since he joined the Navy something over four-and-forty years ago—indeed, his only active service was during the Egyptian War of 1882, when he was at the occupation of Ismailia and at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir—but his career is far from being undistinguished. His services as a member of the Australian Defence Committee won him his C.M.G. in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and he received the Knight Commandership of the Order in June three years ago. He was given the command of the Cape Station after a spell of work as a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. To these distinctions he adds one that he probably prizes more than any, the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society, awarded to him, when he was a Lieutenant on the *Glasgow*, for saving the life of an ordinary seaman.

Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur William Moore, who in a few days' time will take up the duties of Second-in-Command of the Channel Fleet, has not had many opportunities of donning his war-paint



THE THAW-NESBIT ROMANCE: MRS. HARRY THAW (NÉE FLORENCE NESBIT).

As we noted in "The Sketch" some weeks ago, Mr. Harry Thaw, brother of the Countess of Yarmouth, recently married Miss Florence Nesbit, the actress and the most frequently photographed young lady in the United States. Last autumn it was rumoured that Mr. Thaw and Miss Nesbit had been married secretly in Europe, and that Mrs. Thaw had threatened to disinherit her son in consequence. When the wedding did occur all parties were consenting. Miss Nesbit, by the way, was Charles Dana Gibson's model for "The Eternal Question."

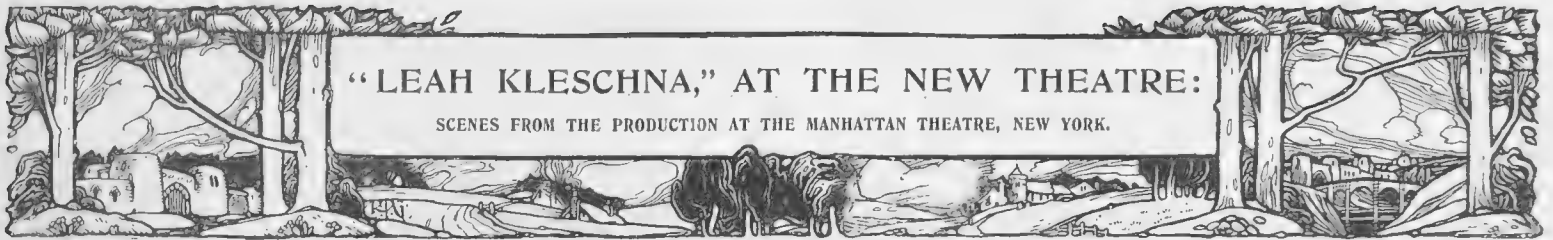
Photograph by "Typical."



A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE: MISS ROSE HARRIET PASTOR, ENGAGED TO MR. J. GRAHAM PHELPS STOKES.

Miss Pastor, who is to marry Mr. Phelps Stokes, the young American millionaire, is a Russian Jewess, and it is to her credit that for a period she supported her mother and sisters by working as a cigarette-maker. More recently, her poetic gifts earned her a position on the "Jewish Daily News," of New York. Her future husband and herself first met as interviewed and interviewer, when Mr. Stokes was engaged in philanthropic work in the University Settlement of New York.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



Schram (Mr. W. B. Mack).

Leah Kleschna (Mrs. Fiske).

Kleschna (Mr. Charles Cartwright).

Raoul Berton (Mr. George Arliss).

ACT I.—KLESCHNA'S LODGINGS IN PARIS.

Leah Kleschna is the daughter of a thief, and has been trained to the predatory art from youth by her burglar-father, Kleschna, better known as M. Garnier, a worthy whose courage and great family affection are second only to his love of his profession. Leah and her father's assistant, Schram, were saved from the wreck of the "Marseilles" in a boat guided by Paul Sylvaine, a young, clear-headed, brave Deputy of the French Chamber. When the play opens, Kleschna has plotted that his daughter shall rob Sylvaine's safe of the jewels which the latter is to present to his fiancée, Clàire Berton, on the following morning.—



Leah Kleschna.

Raoul Berton.

Paul Sylvaine (Mr. John Mason).

ACT II.—STUDY IN PAUL SYLVAINÉ'S HOUSE AT ST. CLOUD.

—It comes about, however, that the young Deputy catches the thief in the act; there is mutual recognition, and Sylvaine talks to her of his advanced ideas on crime and criminals, stating his belief that everyone is the possessor of a share of truth, and that, in consequence, the thief is only a "spectre of madness, of unhappiness, of disease, and not the human being. That spectre cannot destroy my faith." So it is that he sets the girl free, an action which brings her to such a state of mind that she will do precisely as he wishes. Sylvaine's future brother-in-law, Raoul Berton, who has been pestering Leah with his attentions, enters through the window; Leah hides, but Berton, discovering her handkerchief, decides that affairs have taken an amusing turn, and begins a search for the lady. Leah, confronted with the man who has thought to make her his mistress, explains the position, ending: "Here we stand, a gentleman, a blackguard, and a thief—and I'm the thief."—

Photographs by Byron, New York.

THE PRODUCTION OF "LEAH KLESCHNA" AT THE NEW THEATRE:

A SCENE FROM THE PRODUCTION AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE, NEW YORK.



LEAH KLESCHNA (MRS. FISKE). BURGLES PAUL SYLVAIN'S SAFE.

At the New Theatre, Miss Lena Ashwell is playing Leah Kleschna, a part originally written for her. Mr. Leonard Boyne is the Paul Sylvaine; Mr. Charles Warner, the Kleschna; Mr. William Devereux, the Schram; and Mr. Herbert Waring, the Raoul Berton.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

THE PRODUCTION OF "LEAH KLESCHNA" AT THE NEW THEATRE:

SCENES FROM THE PRODUCTION AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Leah Kleschna
(Mrs. Fiske).Raoul Berton
(Mr. George Arliss).Paul Sylvaine
(Mr. John Mason).General Berton
(Mr. Edward Donnelly).Claire Berton
(Miss Emily Stevens).

ACT III.—STUDY IN PAUL SYLVAIN'S HOUSE AT ST. CLOUD.

—After returning the jewels to their case, she then goes downstairs with Sylvaine, while Raoul, seeing his chance, takes the gems and pockets them. The young Deputy soon finds out the state of affairs, but by his desire to shield Raoul's mother from the knowledge of her son's crime, and at the same time prevent the engineering of Leah's arrest by General Berton, he forfeits the slight affection of his fiancée.—



Raoul Berton.

Schram.

Kleschna.

Leah Kleschna.

ACT IV.—KLESCHNA'S LODGINGS IN PARIS.

Leah goes back to her father's attic, after spending the night by the river and forming the decision to free herself from her criminal life. In consequence, she tells her father that she must leave him, although he is ready to release her from all future participation in his deeds, despite the fact that he himself prefers to remain a thief. At this moment Raoul staggers into the room, fearing that a detective is at his heels. Both Leah and Schram warn Kleschna to take care, but his desire to obtain the coveted jewels is stronger than his caution, and it is only after an attempt to shoot herself that Leah is permitted to go for them alone, and at the same time provide ingenious means of escape for the three men.—



Paul Sylvaine. Leah Kleschna.

ACT V.—LETTUCE-FIELDS, NEAR NEUSTADT, AUSTRIA.

—Leah returns to work in the lettuce-fields near the place of her birth in Neustadt, Austria, and there, too, in the course of time, comes Sylvaine, offering her a place in the home of his sister in England. Thus, we come to a pastoral scene, in which it is implied that Sylvaine and Leah are betrothed.

Photographs by Byron, New York.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I READ with some interest the news sent from Madrid concerning the revival of Sunday bull-fighting. Last year, the Maura Cabinet supported a Bill forbidding the Sunday *corridas*, and it looked for the time as though tauromachy would not survive the blow. Sunday is the only day that brings freedom to the proletarian, and the bull-ring affords the only entertainment he cares about. The prohibition was not founded upon any definite intention to improve the morals of Spain: it was dictated by the Clerical party, whose grip upon the people has been strengthened considerably since King Alfonso's accession. Señor Maura has now learned that from the immediate political standpoint there are worse things than bull-fighting. When men and women are in the bull-ring and enjoying to the full the bloody spectacle it provides for them, they cannot be listening to Socialist agitators and others who are striving to make Spain's Government constitutional in deed as well as name. Since Sunday *corridas* were forbidden there has been a considerable recrudescence of political agitation, so bull and matador have been recalled to the arena, with the blessing of the retrograde and opportunist Ministry and the reluctant consent of a sorely harassed Church.

The Church and the Bull-Fighter. Although the Church in Spain has striven to suppress the Sunday bull-fights, it must not be imagined that it ignores them. On the contrary, the greater the Church festival the more elaborate the bull-fight. During Holy Week in Seville the greatest matadors of Spain come to kill bulls in honour of the occasion; at the feast of Corpus Christi it is hard to say whether Cathedral or bull-ring is more gaily decorated. Moreover, there is a chapel attached to every great bull-ring, where a priest grants absolution to any toreador who comes to seek it before a fight, and waits patiently until all is over, in case there should be any further demand for his services following upon an accident in the arena. These concessions are of comparatively modern date; time was when the bull-fighter who fell in the arena died without benefit of clergy and was buried without religious ceremony. Most of the bull-fighters I have known were superstitious men who would not have faced their work without the knowledge that their sins were forgiven them.

Primroses. I left town for the Easter holidays on Primrose Day, and could not resist a chuckle at the sight of the brisk trade in the pretty flowers. It should be fairly well-known by now that Primrose Day is all a mistake. When the Earl of Beaconsfield was being carried to his long home, there was a wreath of primroses on his coffin, sent by the Queen, who had written on the card, "His favourite flower." This statement referred to the late Prince Consort, who was particularly fond of the primrose. Lord Beaconsfield was never known to express any liking for flowers, and in the later years of his life he was too short-sighted to have seen them growing. Such love for Nature as he possessed was given to

trees: the oaks and elms of England appealed strongly to his imagination. It is a pity that we do not have an "Arbor Day" on the 19th of April and plant trees in his honour. The country would benefit immensely from such an institution, and the absurdity of Primrose Day might be forgiven and forgotten. Unfortunately, the modern tendency is to cut down timber and to plant—primroses.

The Chinese Puzzle.

While a section of the Press continues to write rubbish about the "yellow slaves," brother Chinaman continues to give considerable trouble to his employers in South Africa. From a friend who sees a good deal of the work in the mines, I have had some highly instructive letters.

He tells me that, from time to time, the celestial gentlemen get quite out of hand, and muster in their hundreds or their thousands to attack the other miners and wreck the mines. Writing of a singularly sanguinary affair, in which several white men were severely injured, he says: "Some fifty of the Chinese ringleaders were arrested, and will be tried, not for attempted murder and arson, but for refusing to work. During the rioting the white men were forbidden to use their weapons, although a short, sharp exercise of authority would have saved all further trouble. The fact is that mine-managers or their masters are afraid of the Yellow Press. If some of those newspapermen would come and live with brother Chinaman for a fortnight, they would understand more and write less." I commend this information to the attention of the gentlemen who, quite free from any sense of responsibility, are prepared cheerfully to run the British Empire from Fleet Street.

A British Agent. One of the most picturesque old rascals ever employed by the British Government has just departed this life in Morocco City. I refer to Sidi Boubikir, who was for many years British Political Agent for South Morocco. With the help of the protection that his position secured for him, he amassed so much wealth that he was the richest man in the country. He had a vast palace in Morocco City, and had it filled with furniture purchased for him in Tottenham Court

Road. There was so much of it that many packages, after being brought from the Atlantic coast by camel caravan and an armed escort, were never unpacked and lay in confusion about the rooms. He had fulfilled the Scriptural injunction to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it, for, even in the latter years when his seventieth birthday was a thing of the past, he was the possessor of a harem that did not hold less than sixty ladies, he had countless sons and daughters of ages ranging from forty-five down to four years, and he owned countless houses in Morocco City and large estates all over the country. He was quite proud of his British protection, and some hundred thousand pounds standing to his credit at the present moment in the Consol Department of the Bank of England testify even now to his faith in our financial stability.



AN INGENUOUS ADAPTATION OF THE MOVING-STAIRCASE:
THE ROLLING-ROADWAY AT CLEVELAND, U.S.A.

The trottoir roulant of Paris's last Exhibition-year and the comparatively few moving-staircases to be found in this country have been adapted to purely utilitarian purposes in Cleveland, where by the aid of an ingenious rolling-roadway the passage of both heavy and light carts up the steep hill shown in our photograph is considerably assisted.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

THE HEIR TO THE LONELY FURROW AS COUNTY CRICKETER :

LORD ROSEBERRY'S ELDEST SON, LORD DALMENY, NEW CAPTAIN OF THE SURREY ELEVEN.



It has been arranged that Lord Dalmeny shall captain the Surrey Eleven during the early part of the season. Later on, Mr. J. E. Raphael will, doubtless, take over the duties when Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower is not officiating. Lord Dalmeny, who was born in 1882, was educated at Eton and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and was formerly a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.

Photograph by E. Hawkins and Co.

RULERS OF RULERS OF GREAT BRITAIN: SOME OF THE WIVES OF THE CABINET.

Photographs by Esmé Collings, Lafayette, Cameron Studio, Thomson, H. Walter Barnett, Langfiet, and Kate Pragnell.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY
(Wife of the Lord President of the Council).

MRS. ST. JOHN BRODRICK
(Wife of the Secretary of State for India).

LADY DOREEN LONG
(Wife of the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant
of Ireland).

COUNTESS CAWDOR
(Wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty).

THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE
(Wife of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs).

THE HON. MRS. AILWYN FELLOWES
(Wife of the President of the Board of Agriculture).

See "Small Talk of the Week."

MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON
(Wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies).

LADY ALICE STANLEY
(Wife of the Postmaster-General).

THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW
(Wife of the Secretary for Scotland).

RULERS OF RULERS OF FRANCE: "MESDAMES LES MINISTRESSES."

Photographs by Anthony, Paul Boyer, Stebbing, Ogerau, Walery, Louvre, and Piron.

MME. CHAUMIÉ
(Wife of the Minister of Justice).

MME. DUCLOUX
(Wife of the Minister of Commerce).

MME. RUAU
(Wife of the Minister of Agriculture).

MME. ROUVIER
(Wife of the Minister of Finance).

MME. BERARD
(Wife of the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs).

MME. BIENVU-MARTIN
(Wife of the Minister of Public Instruction).

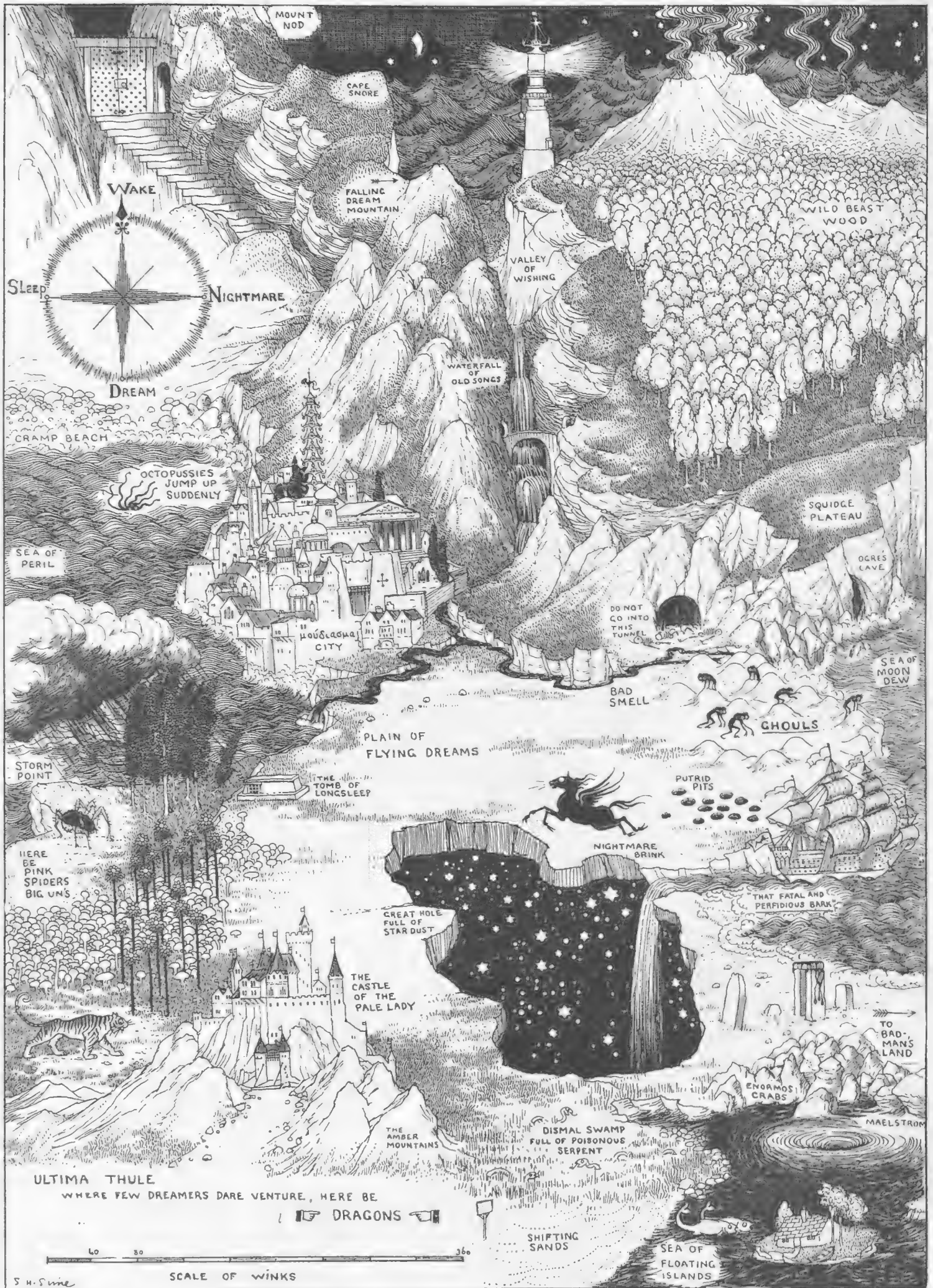
MME. GAUTHIER
(Wife of the Minister of Public Works).

MME. DELCASSÉ
(Wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs).

MME. BERTHAUX
(Wife of the Minister of War).

See "Small Talk of the Week."

A GUIDE FOR RIDERS OF THE NIGHTMARE.



A LANDSCAPE MAP OF A PART OF THE LAND OF DREAMS.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



VI.—THE POSTER-MAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT was well known to Lady Dilke's friends that she had given special attention in her last years to religious subjects. Mr. Murray will publish this month her literary remains, with a short memoir by her husband, under the title "The Book of the Spiritual Life." The unpublished writings which give the title to the book consist of essays and short stories.

The New York *Nation* gives its weighty support to a concession to English authors and publishers of one year's option of copyright. This is now granted to foreign authors and publishers by the new copyright law. Books in foreign languages are seldom sought after by American publishing-houses, and the principal benefit that will accrue under the new law will be to the few foreign writers who attain great vogue in the States, especially to the authors of "Quo Vadis?" and "The Simple Life." It will be strange if this boon is denied to this country, and, while not an ideal arrangement, it will be a great improvement on the present state of things.

Far better than any holidays in such weather as this is it to sit by the fire and read the last delightful addition to a delightful series, Mr. Firth's "Highways and Byways in Derbyshire" (Macmillan). The book is written for readers like myself who care nothing for natural history or geology or science. Mr. Firth is specially interested in the literary associations of Derbyshire, and he describes them with a care, a zest, and a completeness which could not easily be surpassed. I regret, however, that he has passed without notice the remarkable family of the Mozleys, through whom the name of Cardinal Newman is linked to Derbyshire. But the residence of Rousseau at Wootton Hall perhaps deserved further notice. While it was snowing incessantly and the wind cut his face, Rousseau enjoyed himself. "I would rather live in a hole of one of the rabbits of this warren than in the finest rooms in London." It was there that he commenced the writing of his Confessions.

Mr. Firth has an excellent chapter on Dr. Johnson, whose friend, Dr. Taylor, was wont to spend the summer months at Ashbourne. Dr. Taylor was Johnson's contemporary at Lichfield and Oxford. He was Rector of Market Bosworth and of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and a Prebendary of the Abbey. At Ashbourne he had a luxurious establishment, and Johnson enjoyed every luxury there, including unlimited strawberries and cream. Dr. Taylor was not brilliant in conversation, and Johnson sometimes grew weary of him; but their friendship was maintained. Johnson was told by Taylor that he was to be his heir; but Taylor outlived his friend, and read the Burial Service over him in Westminster Abbey. It was Taylor who preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. Johnson. Like

other sermons preached by Taylor, this was written by Johnson. Mr. Firth has had the good fortune to light on a new reference to Dr. Taylor in an unpublished manuscript written by the late Lord Denman about 1820. Denman says that the Ashbourne people still spoke of Dr. Taylor, and described him as "a very good man, only vicious," by which, added the writer, "it was meant that he was whimsical, and apt to take likings without much reason."

Another literary association of Derbyshire is with Tom Moore, who lived at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, for nearly four years. There he wrote "Lalla Rookh." He was delighted with the place at first, and especially with the little cottage, for which he paid

£20 a year rent, and £3 or £4 more in taxes. At Mayfield, Moore received the welcome news that Lord Byron had dedicated to him his poem, "The Corsair." He played all sorts of antics in his triumph, like a child with a new rattle. "It was something passing strange," he said, "for a great lord to dedicate his book to a poor poet." As time went on, Moore grew tired of the monotony and craved for a change. Thirteen years after leaving it, Moore paid a flying visit to Mayfield Cottage. It had been allowed to fall into a state of dirt and degradation, but has now been put into repair.

In his chapter on Chatsworth, Mr. Firth points out that Chatsworth is the Pemberley of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." By the way, Mr. Firth says that "Pride and Prejudice" is by general consent of the best critics the masterpiece of one of the best of English author-esses. I am not quite sure. One great novelist recently told me that, in his opinion, "Emma" was clearly the best of Jane Austen's books. However this may be, the heroine of "Pride and Prejudice," Elizabeth Bennett, was taken by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, on a tour in Derbyshire. They saw Matlock and Dovedale, and then, when on their way to Lambton, Mrs. Gardiner expressed a desire to revisit Pemberley, which is described as being two miles off the direct route. Lambton is obviously Bakewell; indeed, in one place the novelist makes what looks like a slip and lets out the real name.

A still more famous novel is associated with Derbyshire. The scene of "Jane Eyre" is laid at Hathersage, known as "Morton" in the novel. Charlotte Brontë visited Hathersage in 1845, to stay with her friend, Miss Nussey. Several families of Eyres lived in the neighbourhood, and the name was thus familiar. Moor House, where St. John Rivers and his sisters dwelt, is identified by Mr. Firth as Moorseats, perched on the hillside above the church. The house corresponds with the description in "Jane Eyre," save for some rearrangement, evidently recent, of doors and windows. o. o.

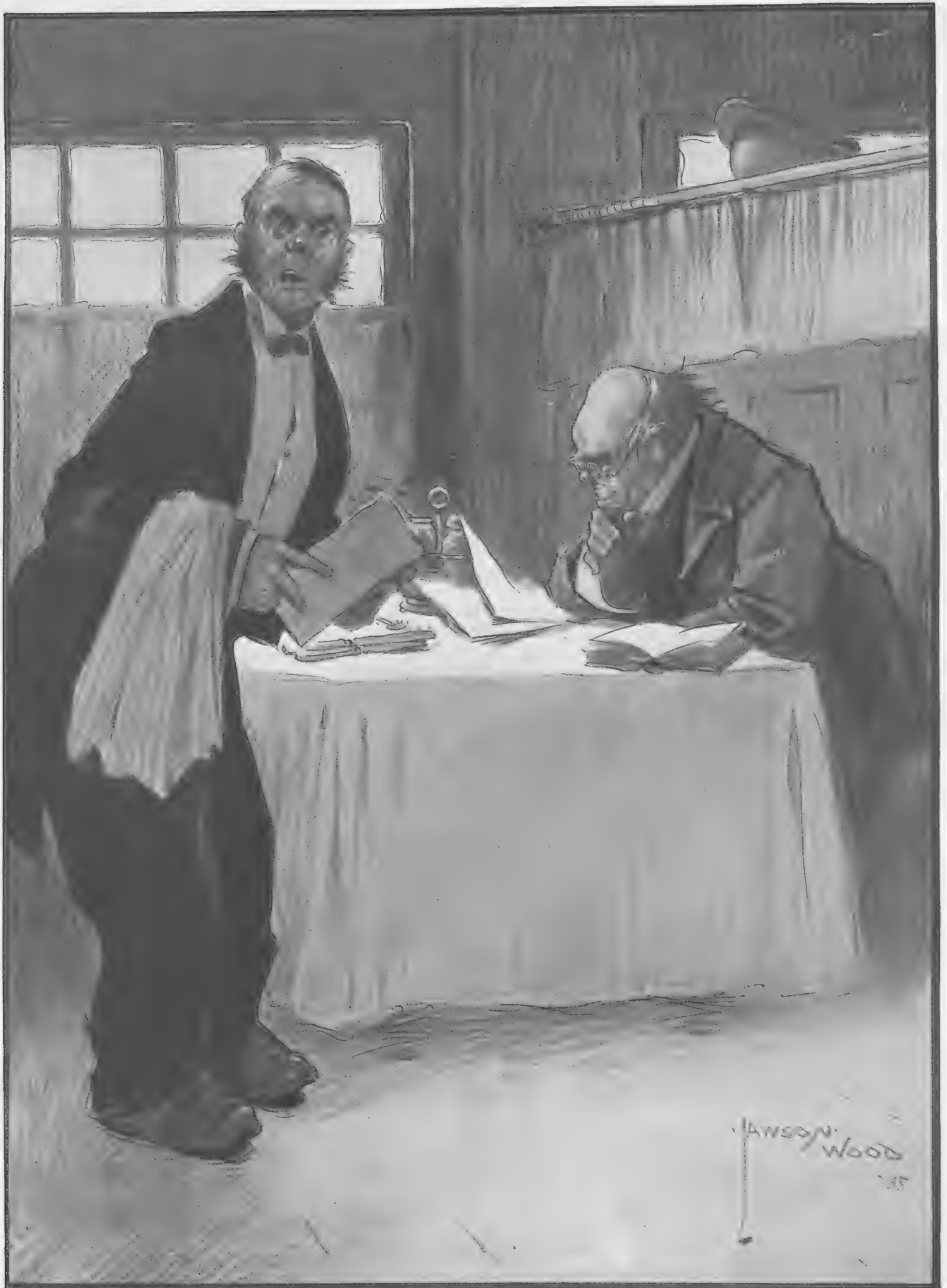
LITERARY MISFITS.



POSSIBLE EDITORS OF POSSIBLE PAPERS: VI.—THE EDITOR OF "THE HALFPENNY HOWLER," AND "THE WORLD'S ADVISER."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

A WAITER'S SCIENCE.



THE WAITER: What's for you, Sir?

THE PROFESSOR (*engrossed in a problem*): In the correlation of forces, it is a recognised property of atomic fragments, whatever their age, to join and—

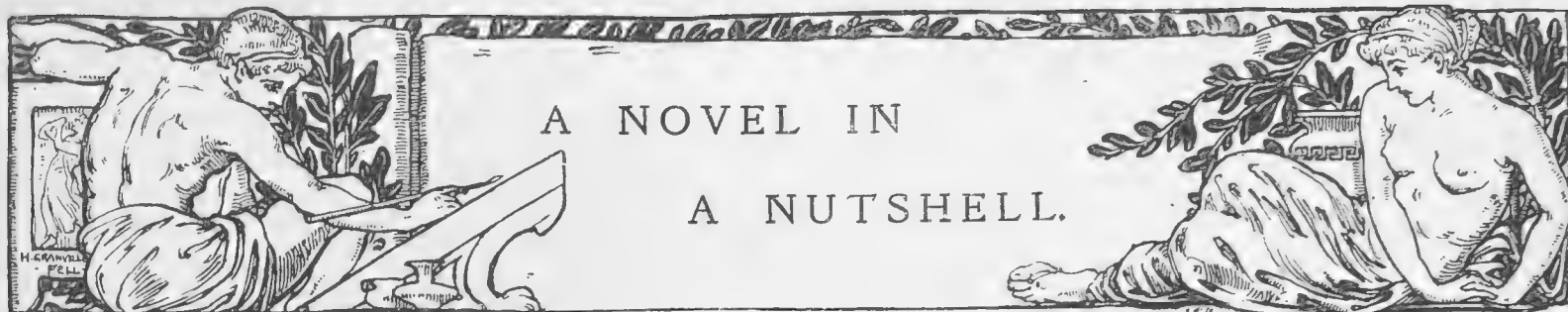
THE WAITER: 'Ash, one!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

"SHOULD THE TRAMS GO OVER THE BRIDGES?"



STARR WOOD DEALS WITH A QUESTION OF THE HOUR.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE JEST.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON,

Author of the Stage-version of "John Chilcole, M.P.," and of "The Apple of Eden."

ONLY three of the Company concern us. Joe Massey was the light-comedian, married to Eva d'Estelle, the soubrette. And Cyril Atherton, he was the baritone—the lover—the member of the Company who most ambitiously strove to look unlike an actor; to assume the appearance of an English country-gentleman. The rest of the small Light-Opera Touring Company are of no consequence. They lived in third-rate lodging-houses in the towns which they visited. They travelled third-class and played nap for infinitesimal points that coincided with their salaries. There was no effort on their part to conceal the obviousness of their profession. They talked about their parts and their opportunities in all public places—each man for himself, each woman for herself. There were all the little, petty jealousies, all the little tragedies of depreciating looks, that are to be found in any such community of people. They were no different from any other Company; and, therefore, do not concern us.

They had just begun a week at Fordham—six nights and a matinée. The advance-bills had announced the Crew-Lydiat Opera Company, direct from a London theatre, and the names of Joe Massey, Eva d'Estelle, and Cyril Atherton were printed in large red characters about the town. No one in Fordham had ever heard of them before; but large characters go a long way to making a well-known actor in the provinces.

Yet what Fordham thought of them, whether Fordham laughed at Joe Massey's time-worn whimsicalities, looked with envious eyes at Eva d'Estelle's pretty poses, or fell in love with Cyril Atherton's manly presence and thrilling voice, is neither here nor there. It is what these three felt among themselves that is interesting. Joe's whimsicalities were often the outcome of sorrowful or passionate thoughts, Eva's pretty poses were nearly always made painful by tightly laced clothes, and Atherton's manly presence could all be hung upon one peg in the dressing-room. Nothing is real on the stage—that is to say, nothing that we see. It is behind the scenes that one comes to the realities. And it is behind the scenes that this story is laid.

The two men shared a dressing-room. That, in itself, was a luxury. Many times during the tour they had had as many as five in one room. Five, with two dressing-tables, is too many, even amongst the most unselfish actors.

It was the third night of their week at Fordham. Atherton, seated at his dressing-table during one of his waits, was writing a letter. Joe was on the stage, and the call-boy—his only admirer in the Company—was holding his sides in the wings and laughing at Joe's faces. Joe had only to come on to the stage, so his wife had said when they were first married, and the whole audience would be in convulsions. But during the last two years that praise of him was not spoken, or it was forgotten altogether. When he did make his appearance, that inimitably humorous expression of his disgusted her. She saw no humour in it, and, though the people laughed, she would whisper into his ear, "Joe, for God's sake don't make such a ghastly fool of yourself!"

But the whisper was accompanied with a dainty smile and a pretty pose, and the audience was delighted with the excellence of her dumb-show.

Just such a little scene as this had taken place on the third night of their week at Fordham, and though the humorous expression had not disappeared from his face as he left the stage, followed by shouts of laughter and applause, yet the words she had used had cut him deeply, deeper than either of them imagined.

Toiling wearily up the draughty stone stairs to his dressing-room, he sighed more than once. Outside the door he stopped. It was open. He could partly see inside. He could see Atherton sitting at his dressing-table, writing. For one moment, and with no conscious intention, he paused; and in that moment Atherton looked up at the photograph that hung on the pinkwashed wall, under the caged gas-jet. He not only looked up—he kissed his hand to it.

Joe held his breath. An expression, far from humorous, distorted his face. That photograph was one of his wife, taken with the intention of advance-advertisement. She had given that copy to him fourteen months before, and he carried it with him wherever he went. For a little while longer he watched, as Atherton continued with his letter; then the old, humorous look was assumed, and he came into the room.

Atherton hastily put the letter into his "make-up" box and commenced to retouch his face.

Joe looked down at him and laughed.

"At it again?" he said.

"At what?"

"That perfect face." He bowed in mock homage. "Why paint the lily—why retouch the rose? Perfection should always be left alone."

"Not in this profession, my dear chap"; and then he sang, in that theatrical baritone voice of his, "My face is my fortune, sir," she said. He rose from the table, dropping a simpering curtsey to Joe. Once an actor—always an actor, you know.

Joe turned away with repulsion.

"This is the first time I've seen the necessity for the income-tax," he said.

Atherton tried to understand.

"How d'you mean? How necessity?"

"To prevent too many people making fortunes." He laughed. It is a recognised fact that it is bad form to laugh at your own jokes; but when you are an actor—when you make your livelihood by your jesting—then, if no one laughs at your jokes, you must laugh yourself. You would go mad if you didn't. Laughter is your justification.

"How about the people that can only make their fortune by cracking stale jokes? Does the income-tax leave them out of the question altogether?"

"Mainly—oh, yes. Oh, yes."

"Oh—does it? Does it? And why?"

"So few make fortunes. It's not so easy to be a fool."

"You don't seem to find it very difficult."

Joe smiled mechanically.

"I suppose you think with the rest of them?" he said.

"What's that?"

"That I'm never serious; that I shall put on a wry face and try to get a laugh when it comes to kicking the bucket?" He paused for his answer, but Atherton was engaged in spraying his throat. "But you're all wrong!" he went on. "You none of you know anything about it. I'm a little chap—I'm not built for anything that looks like serious. If I were to show fight to any one of you, you'd hold your sides laughing."

Atherton began to look at him in surprise.

"What's this about?" he asked. "Do you want to play Hamlet?"

There was a loud knock on the door. The call-boy had brought their beer—two ugly black bottles and two thick glasses on a cheap, japanned tray. He laid them just inside the room, cast one admiring glance in Joe's direction, then disappeared.

Atherton sauntered towards his portion, opened the bottle and filled his glass. Joe did the same. They both took an affectionate interest in it; it was so bright, so sparkling, so cheery. After the first draught, Atherton lost his ironical tone.

"D'you ever use this stuff with your 'make-up'?" he said, holding up a little bottle for Joe to see. "It's jolly good!"

"What for?"

Even a twinkle had returned into Joe's eye.

"Mixing with grease-paint; it—it sort of preserves the skin from the injurious after-effect of 'make-up.' Deadly poison—you can only use a drop at a time."

"A sort of safe-deposit for the fortune?"

He waited a moment to see if Atherton would catch the point of his joke, then burst out laughing himself.

"Stage, Mr. Atherton!"

It was the call-boy's voice. Atherton laid down his half-finished glass of beer, straightened himself, sang *sotto-voce* through a scale, coughed, and then turned to the door. As he opened it he turned round.

"The most tragic moment in the light-comedian's life," he said, in his most refined voice, "is when he begins to be the only one who laughs at his own jokes."

Then he departed.

The twinkle left Joe's eyes again and he laid down his glass of beer.

That was what they thought of him. Was it because he was not so funny as he used to be, or simply because they had got tired of his jokes? The public still laughed! Yes, the public still laughed! They had been holding their sides only a few moments before. It must be because everyone in the Company was tired of him. They had seen his jesting so often—too often. And yet, tired as they were of it, they would never let him be serious. Why was that? He had often said things in the seriousness of his own mind, he had often made passionate love to his wife, and all that she or they had said was, "Oh, for God's sake, stop your fooling!"

For the past few months he had more often felt very serious than funny. But he was in a groove. He wondered whether he would ever get out of it. If once he could have made his wife cry, for sheer pathos, he imagined that he would be happy for the rest of his life.

As it was, his greatest reward was when she laughed, despite herself, and called him a funny old idiot.

And that conceited fop, Atherton, he thought precisely the same as the rest. When he had been serious only a few moments ago, Atherton had asked him if he wanted to play Hamlet. That was the way they understood his seriousness.

What, by the way, he wondered, had Atherton been writing when he came in? He had kissed his hand to the photograph of Eva—well, he was always doing that. The way in which they openly pretended to be in love with each other had often made the blood run cold through Joe's veins. But what had he been writing, and why did he conceal it so hastily in his "make-up" box? Joe crossed to the dressing-table with a fixed determination in his mind. He opened the box, he took the letter out—he began to read it.

In a moment his whole face changed. In a moment he was a different man. The time to be serious had arrived; it was a letter to his wife.

"Sweetheart" (it began), "there's a new Company starting from London in a fortnight; splendid parts in it for both of us—£4 a week each; 'Falka,' and those operas. I know the manager; he says he can get us the parts. We apply separately, of course. And then—what's it matter about him? How you've stood his ghastly, worn-out jokes for so long is more—" And there the letter broke off.

So this was what it had come to! Their pretence at love-making had been serious. They were going away! She was going to leave him! The thoughts danced in his brain; they maddened him. Reason was utterly out of the question; he was enraged with jealousy. His features worked themselves into grotesque expressions. They did not think he could be serious? They would have thought so could they have seen him then.

He knew it was because he was a jester, because she could see nothing else in him, because she was tired of it all. But he would be serious. He would show them all that there was a deeper sense of the reality of things in the bottom of his heart than ever there could be in theirs—puppets, who only acted the serious side of life! How he hated them! But what could he do? What could he do to prove that he was a clown no longer, but a man?

A hundred ways suggested themselves to him. He would accuse, he would challenge Atherton. Yet that would be no good. They would only laugh at him; only think that he was going to great lengths to be funny. What if he left her, threw her upon her own resources? He knew in his heart that she would probably ask for nothing better. He was baffled every way. His thoughts drove him to distraction.

Of what use was life to him, a poor, weak specimen of humanity striving to prove that he had a heart, and finding all his efforts turned to laughter or contempt? By sudden and yet subtle degrees he worked his mind to a frenzy. He dared to do things in his mind at which he would have shuddered but a few moments before; and, having done them in his mind, the thoughts suggested actions. What if he killed this man who was about to steal his wife—his honour—every little thing that held his life together? What if he killed him? There would be no comedy in that! What if he poured into his beer some of that poison that Atherton had shown him? The idea became insistent in his mind. The thought shouted at him and deafened his reason. He could not see, he could not hear, he could not think aright. In those moments he was mad. A little, funny man gone mad.

The next second it was done!

Then there came a knock at the door, and, putting the bottle back in its place, he assumed an attitude of innocence, and called, "Come in!"

It was his wife who entered. To him in that moment she seemed dazzlingly beautiful. He looked at her, but said nothing.

"Where is Cyril?" she asked. Her calling Atherton by his Christian name had never seemed to mean so much to him before.

"Where he should be," he replied. His voice sounded hollow to him, like the echo of something unreal.

"Where is that?"

"On the stage."

She sank into a chair, with a deep breath of forbearance.

"Always playing the fool, Joe," she said, pityingly.

"Only when the matter is not serious."

"But I asked you a serious question."

He shuddered.

"Is he serious to you, then?" he asked.

She laughed lightly. "I thought he was your friend."

"Then is a man's friend a serious matter to his wife?"

She looked at him suspiciously.

"No," she said, quickly. "But there are two sides to every question. One has only to look at you to know which you would choose."

"Ah! Which side is that?"

She assumed a pretty pose and smile.

"Which side of a question are you paid to see? What does Crew-Lydiat give you an engagement for? Because you can make a fool of yourself more easily than most people."

Joe held down his head, and his breath came quickly, but she did not notice it. Moving with suburban gracefulness across the room, she stood by Atherton's dressing-table. Then she noticed his half-finished glass of beer.

"Is this wanted?" she asked, holding it up. "I'm as thirsty as—"

In a moment Joe was at her side and had taken the glass out of her hand.

"Not that glass!" he said, endeavouring to control his fear.

"Not that glass!"

"Why not that glass?" She looked at him in amazement.

"Well, that's—that's Atherton's."

"And why not his?"

"Well—there's mine."

"Oh, I expect you want that for yourself. You couldn't be funny without your glass of beer."

She was exasperating him. She did not know it. It would never have entered her head that she was driving him to desperation.

"There's more to be had," he said, almost in a whisper. "I can get some more." And then a thought fastened round his mind, clawed him, then tightened itself. "Unless," he added, slowly, "unless you prefer his to mine. Perhaps you prefer it?"

He laid the glass down on the table and she moved forward to take it.

"Quite possible," she said, and she laughed.

For the second time Joe prevented her. He laid his hand on the glass.

"I think this wants a little more consideration," he said, in a whispered quietness. "I wouldn't choose his before mine in a hurry."

She stood away and gazed at him in surprise.

"What the deuce do you mean?" she asked, irritably. "Are you trying to go in for tragedy? If you're simply playing the fool, I wish you'd shut up. I'm sick of it."

There was a vague light of hope in his eyes as he heard her last words.

"You're sick of it?" He was pleading for himself. "Look here, I'll get Crew-Lydiat to let me play a serious part—like Atherton's. I could do it."

"Like Atherton's?" She withered him with her contempt. "You—like Atherton? You—with your little, squat figure, your turned-up nose, and your slit of a mouth—to play a part like Atherton! My dear Joe, it's gone deeper than the paint. Soap'll take that off, but it'll still leave you."

"Me?"

"You! The clown—the funny man, the knockabout comedian. You couldn't be serious if you tried."

"I couldn't be serious?" For a moment there was a dull light in his eyes, then it blazed out into all the frenzy of his madness. "Then take which glass you choose!" he said.

"What is the difference?"

Joe's voice came purring like a cat's.

"One is the fool's," he said. "It contains only a jest."

"And the other?"

Joe bowed elaborately.

"That is the serious man's. In that you'll find the truth."

She took up the glass, with a laugh.

"You can be quite funny sometimes, Joe," she said. "Come on; we'll drink a toast. Perhaps you won't realise it—but I'm serious."

"And I?" he said, pitifully. "What am I?"

"You?" she laughed. "What you always will be—the light-comedian."

He held his breath.

"Well, what is the toast?" he asked.

"The truth!" She raised the glass to her lips, "I drink to the truth!"

"That is spoken in jest," added Joe. "I drink to the jest!"

They drank.

Eva looked up; then she laughed—it was a scream, and, as the glass fell out of her hand, the face of Cyril Atherton appeared at the door.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"My latest joke," said Joe.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THIS evening, London playgoers will extend a welcome to Mr. William Collier and the members of Mr. Charles Frohman's "The Dictator" Company, who are to appear at the Comedy for the next four weeks. Amongst Mr. Collier's supporters is Mr. John Barrymore, a brother of Miss Ethel Barrymore, who made a great success in the part of the wireless-telegraph operator, Charley Hyne, in New York. Mr. Richard Harding Davis's comedy will be preceded by "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," adapted by Mr. E. Harcourt Williams from Mr. Anthony Hope's story, and acted by Miss Lilius Waldegrave and Mr. Norman McKinnel.

Miss Lilius Waldegrave is one of the lucky actresses, for she has also been engaged to understudy Leah Kleschna, so that, in the event of any unforeseen accident happening to Miss Lena Ashwell, she will take her place. It is not the first time Miss Waldegrave has been specially selected to deputise for Miss Ashwell: she did so in "Chance, the Idol," and played the part when Miss Ashwell was unable to appear.

Playgoers may be reminded that Mr. Louis N. Parker's new one-Act play, "The Creole," in which Mr. Cyril Maude will play Napoleon, is to be produced on Saturday afternoon next. The occasion will thus be an innovation in the usual arrangements at the Haymarket, where new plays have invariably been given in the evening.

The cast of "Salome," which readers of *The Sketch* may be reminded is to be given at the Bijou Theatre, Archer Street, on the evenings of the 10th and 13th inst., is to be a mixed one of professionals and amateurs, and includes Miss Millicent Murby as Salome, Miss Louise Salom as Herodias, Mrs. Gwendolen Bishop as Page, Mr. Robin Farquharson as Herod, Mr. Vincent Nello as Jokanaan, and Mr. Herbert Alexander as an Assyrian Captain. Salome's dance has been arranged by Mrs. Gwendolen Bishop, and the general stage-management is in the hands of Miss Florence Farr. The play having failed to satisfy the requirements of the Censor by its introduction of Biblical personages, admission can only be obtained by invitations issued to subscribers, and all applications for such invitations should be addressed to Miss Louise Salom, 19, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale.

The new Stage Club, which is responsible for the production, is different from most Clubs, for there are no members in the ordinary sense. Its affairs are managed by a Committee, who issue invitations to selected actors to take part in each different production.

Sir Charles Wyndham's innumerable admirers will learn with regret that it is by no means improbable that he will not be seen

in London during the autumn, for he contemplates the possibility of another tour in the United States. While his final decision has yet to be arrived at, certain engagements of a tentative character have, nevertheless, been entered into, for Sir Charles is one of the managers who likes to be associated with the men and women with whom he has already acted.

Is the next batch of plays going to start with the word "What"? Miss Ethel Irving's production at the Criterion is, as everyone knows, "What Pamela Wanted," while a play which is underlined for production at one of the outlying houses on Monday next bears the alliterative title of "What Women Worship," and is by Messrs. W. Bailey and Charles Berte.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker is the latest member of the aristocracy to join the ranks of the practical playwrights. On May 22 her four-Act play, "An Island Romance," will be produced at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, by a Company which includes the names of Mr. Lyn Harding and Mr. Julian Royce in the two principal men's parts, and Miss Minnie Terry in that of the heroine. Miss Terry's appearance will be particularly interesting, for she will be seen for the first time in London since she left the stage as its most accomplished child-actress. In the interval, she has been in Australia, where she has obtained a great deal of experience in a wide range of plays. Miss Kate Bishop, Miss Kate Mills, and Mr. E. W. Thomas have also been engaged for the play.

By reason, no doubt, of the Hon. Mrs. Henniker's interest in Ireland, possibly also stimulated by the fact that Mr. Bernard Shaw's Irish play is called "John Bull's Other Island," certain writers have jumped to the conclusion that "An Island Romance" concerns itself with Irish matters. As a matter of fact, the assumption is quite incorrect. The play is, in reality, a comedy of modern life, with a decided, definite plot, and strong parts for the leading man and leading woman. While it is the first play of the Hon. Mrs. Henniker's which will have been produced, she is, it need hardly be said, a well-known writer and has been engaged in literary work for some years. Her first novel, "Sir George," had the distinction of winning the cordial approval of Mr. Gladstone, while in one of the stories forming "In Scarlet and Grey"—the second of the three books of short stories Mrs. Henniker has written—she had no less distinguished an author than

Thomas Hardy for a collaborator. The last volume of short stories was called "Contrasts." Amongst Mrs. Henniker's other books have been "Foiled," "Outlines," and "Sowing the Seed." It is interesting to note that some years ago Mrs. Henniker was the President of the Society of Women Journalists.



THE MODERN MAN OF MYSTERY:
MR. J. N. MASKELYNE.

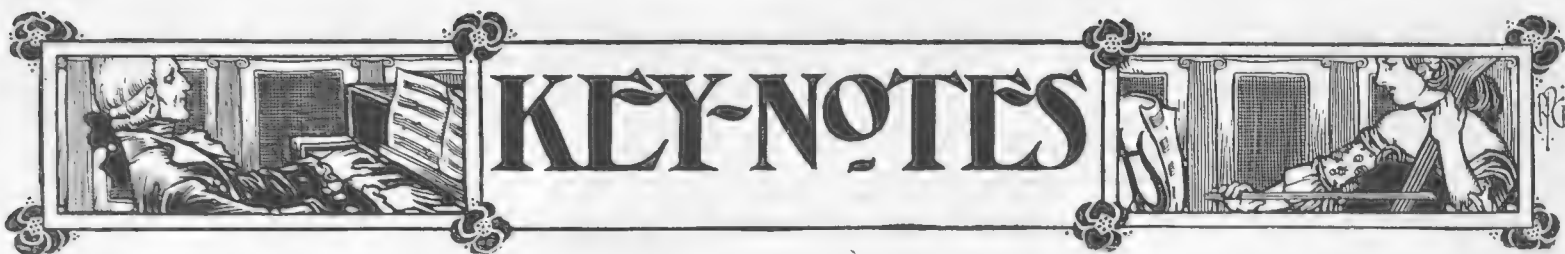
Mr. Maskelyne, for many years known as Maskelyne and Cooke, has now removed from the Egyptian Hall to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, where he is presenting a programme which well justifies the name, "The Home of Mystery." Our portrait shows him as Daniel Daw, the showman, in the sketch, "The Entranced Fakir," produced at Piccadilly. He is now giving "gems of animated photography," a magical episode entitled "St. Valentine's Eve," the famous illusion "Oh! or, The Mahatmas Outdone," and other entertaining items.



THE FLYING VISIT OF AN AMERICAN COMPANY TO LONDON: A SCENE FROM
"THE DICTATOR," PRODUCED AT THE COMEDY THEATRE TO-NIGHT.

In presenting Mr. Richard Harding Davis's three-Act comedy, with Mr. William Collier as lead, Mr. Frohman has begun his avowed intention of making London a theatrical suburb of New York. The piece will be played here for a month only, and will be preceded by a dramatisation of Mr. Anthony Hope's story, "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," in which Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Lilius Waldegrave will appear.

Photo. Burr McIntosh Studio.



KEY-NOTES

THE chief musical event during the week has, doubtless, been the reappearance of Sousa and his band in London at the Queen's Hall. "Something too much of this," says the player in "Hamlet"; and, indeed, it would seem as though Mr. Sousa chose London as a centre wherefrom he might issue his work with advantage, because London, in his idea, seems to be the general advertisement quarter for all music. Mr. Sousa is quite justified in every step he takes in this connection; he by no means wishes to make a sort of cat's-paw of London, because he sincerely wishes

that London should sympathise with him; but, at the same time, he naturally wishes that London should appreciate his position, because upon that appreciation much may possibly depend. It is true that during the whole of his week in London Mr. Sousa has not been accompanied by all that popularity which he naturally expects from the provinces. Yet London really does appreciate him, and such visitors to the Queen's Hall as have determined to hear his most wonderful brass-playing have been completely satisfied.



A NEW-COMER AT COVENT GARDEN:
MLLE. SIMEOLI (CONTRALTO).

Mlle. Simeoli has won a considerable reputation in Milan.

brass band something which will almost approach an orchestral band. He is so clever and he has so delicate a sense of instrumentation that really we think he approaches very close to that dividing element which exactly, precisely, and narrowly divides string from brass and wood wind, and therefore inaugurates a new sort of sensation in music. To sum up the whole matter: Sousa has made a triumph so far as the actual world is concerned, but he has not made an artistic triumph, save in the works which are composed for his own band, which include the marches which he has himself composed. In his own marches he is, in a sense, unparalleled; here he writes for the instruments which he knows and with which he is completely at home. There is nothing in the brass or wind that Sousa does not know, and his strenuousness knows no restraint or ultimate issue. But it is possibly a matter to regret that a man like Sousa, with genuine musical instincts and with a strong sense of rhythm, should occupy himself with the delineation of the so-called strong things of the world. Here and there we have noticed how he has made a certain attempt to make more delicate music—to make music, in fact, that, without being commonplace, might still be reticent and quiet in its utterance. We cannot believe that such a musician as he is really pins his faith upon the almost outrageous, upon the barbaric emotion which is latent in all of us. Some of his work is so tender, so intimate, and so peaceful in its ulterior thought, that we recognise two absolute personalities in John Philip Sousa; the one is the sort of man who might have written "The British Grenadiers" or "Life on the Ocean Wave"; the other is the man who tries to speak through brass and wind peaceful emotions, one who knows the world and is content to rest with that knowledge. We trust that we have done Mr. Sousa no injustice in this elaborate analysis of his work; but his curious dual personality, in one of which he is the commander-in-chief of all his forces, of all his intellect, and of all his brain-productions, and in the other of which he wishes almost wistfully that one might follow his more restful point of view, seems to us almost a matter, a problem, in fact, which it would be very difficult to solve. Meanwhile we have no quarrel with Mr. Sousa on one side

or the other; but we should like to hear in public something more of his artistic side of temperament in preference to the obvious readiness of composition which has made him so popular both on this and the other side of the Atlantic.

It will be remembered that Mr. Henry J. Wood recently conducted a performance of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" in conjunction with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and that the same Orchestra was responsible for an interpretation of "The Apostles" with the Leeds Choral Union, the latter being under the direction of the composer. Sir Edward Elgar is nothing if not generous, and he has, accordingly, written a very charming letter to Mr. Henry J. Wood in connection with the production of these two works. "I send," says Sir Edward, "my heartiest thanks to you for contributing to the magnificent performance at Leeds by preparing your Orchestra in such a wonderful way. Will you kindly convey to every member of your Orchestra, in terms which I leave you to choose, but which cannot be too warm and enthusiastic, my grateful appreciation of the splendid manner in which they interpreted my score, and for the goodwill and patience with which they rehearsed. I congratulate you on having such a band of earnest artists to direct." Such a tribute, coming from one of the greatest artists, if not the greatest modern artist in music at the present time, is praise indeed; when we say "if not the greatest artist of modern times," we may possibly except Richard Strauss, who stands upon the same level as Sir Edward Elgar. For Elgar, indeed, is a most extraordinary product of the modern spirit of music. We have the greatest feeling and sentiment for those men of our times who have done work worthy of themselves and of their own particular institutions.



A NEW-COMER AT COVENT GARDEN:
MME. SOBRINO (SOPRANO).

Mme. Sobrino leaves the concert platform for the Grand Opera stage.



A NEW-COMER AT COVENT GARDEN:
MISS EDNA THORNTON.

Miss Thornton is English, and has earned much success in the provinces.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio.

History, however, teaches us that the pioneer is always the one to be attacked most virulently by the academician of his time. Far be it from the present writer to abuse the Academies of to-day as they exist in London; but it is most necessary to remember that Sir Edward Elgar did not go to the teachers who, in a necessarily hide-bound circle of academicians, must have given forth the ordinary truths of harmony which might possibly compass and entangle the brain of one who was destined to higher things, not because he was a rebel, but because he saw beauty in other directions. All the Academies of the world, from that of Plato onwards, can never take the mind of a genius away from the idea of beauty. The average man will see beauty, of course, in the peripatetic school of Plato, because Plato, who himself had seen the essence of beauty in human things, thought it was possible to teach his gospel to his disciples. Never was there such a misunderstanding. When Tennyson wrote in one of his latest compositions the verses entitled "Follow the Gleam," he knew exactly where the artist should start from and where the artist should take his footsteps. Through darkness, and probably through a great deal of labour which seemed very fruitless, Elgar just followed the gleam, and at last he has reached the goal of his endeavour. It must only be hoped that, having passed through the Pilgrim's Progress, he will have no more difficulty or trouble in expressing himself even to the very limits of that boundary which must in his beginnings have seemed so far away.—COMMON CHORD.



MOTOR ACCIDENTS AND SENSATIONALISM—THE WORTHING MOTOR CARNIVAL—MEYAU V. SIDDELEY—
HIGH-TENSION MAGNETO-IGNITION.

LACKING a sensational naval or military encounter in the Far East, a wife-murder, a devastating fire with a holocaust of victims, or a sanguinary railway smash, a section of our Yellow Press seized upon a few isolated motor-accidents, which might just as well have been horse-accidents, to give them the double-leaded head-line "thriller." "The Deadly Motor Terror," "The Road

M. Paul Meyau should be more than delighted that so doughty an opponent as Mr. J. D. Siddeley has accepted his reliability challenge, and that a Siddeley car is therefore likely to be pitted against his De Dietrich in the proposed five thousand kilomètres reliability trial. But, as the challenged have admittedly the choice of weapons, it is strange indeed to find M. Paul Meyau strongly objecting to run half the competition over English roads. It is difficult to arrive at his real objection to so obviously fair and equitable an arrangement, for it is impossible to accept the reasons he lately put forward in his own and other French motor-papers.

M. Paul Meyau suggests that this searching trial would be robbed of all its testing value if it were interrupted midway in order to ship the two cars across the Channel for the continuance of the run on English roads. Although this would only mean a matter of four or five hours at the outside, M. Meyau suggests that the sea-trip would afford an opportunity for the recuperation of any of the metallic parts which had become fatigued. He must presume that the sea-air would have an ultra-beneficial effect, for the cars would be at rest for longer periods every night.

The eccentricities of high-tension magneto-ignition are now becoming the subject of conversation amongst automobilists, as this system of ignition comes into more general use, and the hands of the uninitiated. A driver of some experience had run his car on high-tension magneto-ignition quite successfully and satisfactorily for six weeks, when on one day of the late holidays he noticed his engine was not pulling quite so well as before. Later on, the engine stopped, subsequent tests showing that no spark was available at the sparking-plug gaps. Everything appeared to be in perfect order. Luckily, this magneto arrangement permitted the substitution of ordinary accumulators for the magneto, and, the latter being switched out, it was found that the engine not only started up at once, but pulled splendidly. After running some five miles or



A RELIABILITY TRIAL FOR A NEW MOTOR-BOAT: THE "NAPIER MAJOR," WHICH HAS UNDERTAKEN A NON-STOP VOYAGE FROM THE TEMPLE PIER TO THE SHETLANDS.

"Napier Major" is one of the newest of motor-boats. The over-all length of the hull is 45 feet, load water-line 41 feet, with 9 feet 6 inches beam, 5 feet 8 inches depth, and 6 feet clear headway. Her displacement is 12 tons, and she is propelled by a 4-cylinder 20 h.p. Napier engine, which is powerful enough to drive her at from 8 to 9 knots an hour. She weighs 13'45 tons, and carries sufficient petrol to drive her 2,000 miles at 8 knots. Her crew for the run to the Shetlands numbers four, including an engineer and a cook.

Photograph by "Topical."

Peril," "The Motor Death" are samples of what the holiday editorial understudies treated us to during Easter, until the identification of a certain foreign mechanic and the consequent withdrawal of a too hastily proffered reward put a brake on the sensationalism in at least one quarter. We Britons are presumed a phlegmatic people, yet in the face of a new departure or of the unexpected we usually fly off at a tangent and show an appetite for exaggeration and sensationalism which would disgrace a Latin community. And our halfpenny-catching Press is at the bottom of it. As it was with cycling, so it is now with motoring, and so it will be with any future movement which affords pegs for head-lines. We shall shortly have figures giving the holiday accidents in connection with other sports and pleasures, but because the public does not thrill at a drowning, a death at football, a brake accident, or a wreck, they will be given no head-lines.

Successful as the Worthing Motor Carnival was, I take it as heralding something very much bigger on some future occasion, although I would recommend the promoters of the entertainment to give Whitsuntide a chance next time. Battles of Flowers in England, on an Easter Monday mark a tempting of the elements which the Storm King must find it hard to resist, even at Sunny Worthing. No less than twenty-four cars and seven tri-cars were entered, and the floral decorations of the majority of the automobiles were most tasteful and interesting. Although failing to take a prize, owing to the inclusion of a few artificial flowers in the scheme of decoration, the most elaborately and artistically decorated vehicle was a 28 horse-power Daimler, belonging to Mr. John Parker, in which a dainty Cupid, poised aloft on the canopy, steered with silver reins a graceful swan carried on the bonnet. The remainder of the car was a ravishing ensemble of roses and lilies. Mr. C. H. Warne, the originator of the Carnival, made a fine appearance, on his profusely decorated 28 horse-power Daimler, as Admiral Togo, and accommodated passengers garbed to represent England, France, the States, and Italy.



MR. LEWIS WALLER, WITH HIS SISTER, MISS BEATRICE LEWIS,
ON HIS 15 H.P. NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. Lewis Waller, like a good many other actors, has followed the popular craze by becoming a motorist, beginning his experiences five years ago with a De Dion voiturette of 3½ h.p., then investing in a 7 h.p. Peugeot, changing this for a Darracq, and later indulging in the New Orleans shown above.

Photograph Copyrighted by "The Car."

so on the accumulators, the magneto was switched on, and then performed admirably, no difference in speed or power being noticed upon the change of source of current. But next morning the engine could not be started up on the magneto, although, after five minutes' running on the accumulators, the magneto came on as before. Solution? I have none!

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE GUINEAS—ROGUSH HORSES—SCRATCHINGS—"S.-P."

THE Newmarket First Spring Meeting should attract a bigger crowd than usual to the classic heath, as the race for the Two Thousand is always popular—at least, with owners. It is expected at Newmarket that the race will be won by Rouge Croix, who has wintered well, and is, so report says, as fit as the proverbial fiddle. The Kingsclere best may, however, have something to do with the finish, although I am told John Porter's three-year-olds are not being

hurried in their work, and they may not be quite fit until the Epsom Summer Meeting arrives. Sir Waldie-Griffith has a strong candidate in Liao by Ladas—St. Ia. This colt was more than useful as a two-year-old. Veda's will probably represent W. Robinson in the race, and should run well, but Shah Jehan and Signorino do not seem to have improved since last year. I shall predict the success of Rouge Croix, who belongs to Mr. Hemming, a popular owner, and is trained by Brewer, a very capable man. The One Thousand Guineas is, in my opinion, best left to post speculators. Full Cry, if fit and well, would have a big chance, but the filly is said to be very backward. In that case, the race may go to Pamflete, the property of the Duke of Portland.

It was said that Halsey had orders not to touch Sansovino with the whip in the race for the Queen's Prize. Anyway, the jockey gave the curish brute a couple of reminders when he tried to cut it on nearing the winning post, and I am not surprised, as it is more than human nature can endure to sit still and suffer on a wayward horse of the Sansovino type. I think it is useless to try such animals at home, and I do know of scores of men who would have landed the double—Sansovino and Kirkland—but for the first-named having been beaten in a trial before Lincoln by Grey Green. Some of the critics blamed Griggs for not winning easier on Sansovino in the race for the Lincoln Handicap. I think, however, he deserves great praise for having won at all on such a horse. Although I do not believe in the too free use of whip and spur by tiny boys, I do think the older jockeys should be allowed to exercise a wise discretion in the matter of punishment administered to shifty horses. It is argued that Sloan seldom used the flail, but it should be borne in mind that when the Yankee rider did call on the whip he used it to advantage, and often, when hard riding failed him, he had recourse to a more telling argument. Maher, who rode Pharisee to victory at Epsom, often rides with his hands, but he can use the whip to advantage at times.

The forged telegram authorising Messrs. Weatherby to strike Dean Swift out of the City and Suburban opens up the whole question

of scratchings. I contend that horses should not be struck out by telegram—at least, so far as ante-post betting races are concerned. If, however, it is thought to be necessary to adhere to the present rule as to telegrams, I would suggest that all owners and others holding authority to strike horses out of future engagements should register a private code-signal with Messrs. Weatherby, and use it to verify all messages. This would entail very little extra work at Old Burlington Street, while it would prevent forged telegrams being accepted as genuine ones. Many owners of horses adopt the plan I have mentioned in their business dealings: then why not apply it to their Turf transactions? The market on future events is so sensitive nowadays that the slightest scare causes the bookies to shut right down altogether. Thanks to the prompt measures taken by Mr. J. B. Joel in repudiating the forged telegram, Dean Swift did not go out in the market, and nobody, seemingly, was a penny the better or the worse. It cannot be too widely known amongst owners and others interested that they have only to send communications to the managers of the tape-machines to have their missives repeated in all the leading newspaper-offices and Clubs in a few seconds.

I am told that starting-price coups are just as popular as ever among certain members of the gambling school. The *modus operandi* just now is somewhat as follows: Fifty or, say, sixty messages are handed in at some little village post-office just about fifteen minutes before the time set for the start of the race, and they are all coded at the one time. The top lot, to be sent off first, are for very small sums, and the big amounts are left to the last. By this arrangement none of the money finds its way on to the course. In the old days big coups

were landed through having an agent in every town who guaranteed the "S.-P." odds to a certain amount, and kept the rest for himself, and made a good thing out of it by backing the horse in his immediate neighbourhood for a very big sum—as much, in fact, as it was possible to get on. One young plunger used to work his "S.-P." commissions by leaving a letter at his Club overnight, and then telegraphing from the course on the following day to a waiter, who would deliver the letter to the bookie just before the time set

for the race to start. The bookie was caught at first, but later on he used the information to a profit by backing the good things with his brother professionals all over London. In fact, he did this with all "S.-P." coups that came along his way, and made a big fortune.

CAPTAIN COE



KINGLY RECOGNITION OF THE SPORT OF KINGS: THE JOCKEY CLUB ROOMS, NEWMARKET, WHERE HIS MAJESTY IS STAYING FOR THE FIRST SPRING MEETING.

The King's stay in the Jockey Club Rooms will probably be the last of a lengthy series, for His Majesty is now owner of a house in Newmarket High Street, and nothing but the need for further repairs to it prevented him occupying it for the present meeting.

Photograph by H. R. Sherborn.



KINGLY RECOGNITION OF THE SPORT OF KINGS: HIS MAJESTY'S RESIDENCE, GRAFTON HOUSE, HIGH STREET, NEWMARKET.

As we have noted above, the King is now the owner of a residence in Newmarket (marked by a cross in our photograph). His Majesty purchased the house last autumn.

Photograph by H. R. Sherborn.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ONE'S belief has always been that the British Constitution is conservative, opposed to change, and liking established convention. Deny it who can. But though this political temperament may remain, the personal assuredly does not, and to the individual of occasionally reflective habits few things seem more surprising than the celerity with which Englishwomen of the present generation exchange their adoption of one season's fashion



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY ARRANGEMENT OF BLACK OVER WHITE.

for that of another. It is not so far from the days of crinoline, white "open-work" petticoats, elastic-side boots, and chenille hair-nets; when no one dreamt of wearing a silk dress for less than seven or eight years, and a bonnet was not considered *démodé* after two; yet here we are on a wave of extravagant transition wherein five weeks is the more or less established life of a frock, when most women who affect to dress really well consider existence incomplete without a fortnightly new hat, and gloves, like the gnats of a summer afternoon, are vouchsafed a brief single appearance. Naturally, this more applies to town, not country life. At the same time, one means a good deal of the other with most well-bestowed folk nowadays, when motors bring one from remotest recesses and no less hidden fastnesses to town in the proverbial flutter of an eyelid. Morland would hardly make two pictures of his "Delia" if he flourished nowadays. In town or country the same elaboration prevails, and simplicity *en villégiature*, as represented by short skirts, is merely a matter of morning walk or after-lunch constitutional, before the tea and tea-gown stage of the ordinary country-house.

Paris as she is at present divulging herself was well represented by some other guests in a hospitable Hampshire abode where we found ourselves at Easter, and the frou-frous of some newly returned Transatlantic cousins were a liberal object-lesson in Madame Mode's latest. Figure to your edified selves a tea-gown of fine, ivory-toned Chantilly, in a design of roses and trailing stems, made up

over shot white and rose taffetas, the lace design at hem outlined with ribbon-work in natural colours of greens and pinks with brown foliage, while narrow Valenciennes, slightly drawn, outlined the entire pattern of the dress. There was luxury and simplicity, if you like, inexpressibly well expressed, as only a daughter of Gaul could imagine it. Another confection of all that could be of the most confectioned—to daringly coin a verb—was the newest device in basqued bodices, amber brocade being the groundwork of this dinner-gown, a petticoat of lace frills, peeping from beneath the embroidered sides, recalling the picturesque mannerisms of the Louis Quinze period. A little drapery on the hips resolved itself into the aforesaid basques, which were rather full and bunched. Of course, the others stared and rather gasped as our *belle Américaine* sailed away in front on the arm of our jovial host. But the undeniable *cachet* of Beer was on this effect, and though, no doubt, the obviously well-fed women shuddered at the threatened invasion, we others of slimmer habit could not fail to see a light in this fashion, so peculiarly becoming to slender *gens*, should it crystallise into an accepted habit of the season.

A tragedy of the smaller sort, but still a tragedy, confronted me at another country-house some week-ends ago. I had gone in the sure and certain hope of finding a usable soap in my bedroom, and so dispensed with the invariable habit of Erasmic fondly engendered by its many virtues. Arrived, I found a skin-searching



[Copyright.]

A LIGHT CLOTH GOWN WITH WHITE FACINGS.

brand chiefly composed of soda and glycerine, which my soul and cuticle equally abhor. There was nothing for it but to throw myself on the mercy of a maid. Still—will it be believed?—in all that full house of forty bedrooms, being England, no one had brought her soap, and I was left lamenting and registering remorseful vows that nothing would induce me to venture from my own wash-stand again without the soothing and incomparable Erasmic Soap. It may be useful to note, by the way, that the

Company have opened an additional branch at 5A, Coventry Street, W., besides the well-known house at 117, Oxford Street, from whence Erasmic and all its attractions were first exploited before a grateful British public.

The rarity of Easter gifts by no means detracts from the pleasure of their occasional appearance, and when some thoughtful somebody despatched a case of the Erasmic Company's delicious and delicate "herb" perfume, "pour le pâques," I was both uplifted and grateful. Everybody everywhere knows the famous Erasmic "herb" soap, and the more highly perfumed "Elité," both of which are unapproachable for the skin; but a wider knowledge of the Erasmic "herb" scent would be appreciated by many who use more cloying and violent perfumes. It is lasting and fragrant, without being overpowering, which is, in itself, the acme of perfection. Also the Erasmic "herb" tooth-powder is a very effectual preservative of teeth and gums, and should certainly accompany the soap of its name on all well-cared-for wash-stands.

Our illustration this week depicts a dainty evening-frock rendered in the always graceful combination of black and white. One layer of chiffon over another is belted, bowed, and strapped with black velvet ribbon, wide lace insertions at knee and foot breaking up the skirt-line with picturesque effect. A walking-dress in champagne-coloured cloth of the lightest possible texture is treated to a white cloth revers, scalloped and piped with black taffeta, the necktie and belt of the same. This original combination is most entirely French, which is also to say that it is successful, the harmony being completed by a fine yellow straw, much tip-tilted, garnished with black and white wings, and garlanded with shaded pink roses.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

YVONNE (Ceylon).—You could get the dress copied exactly at Peter Robinson's. Send the print on to them and mention about the price you can pay.

SYBIL.

We are asked to state that our photograph of Miss Gertie Millar, entitled "The Heroine of a Thousand and One Photographs," was by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield, and not by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

His Majesty remains very faithful to the First Spring Meeting, and the present Royal sojourn at Newmarket gives the King the opportunity of himself arranging many details connected with Grafton House, the fine old mansion in the High Street which lately passed into the Sovereign's possession. Till Grafton House is ready for occupation, His Majesty will reside, when in the racing capital, in his suite of apartments at the Jockey Club Rooms. Newmarket now has a very distinct social atmosphere of its own, and many of the great London hostesses are as much at home there as they are in the Metropolis.

As the pilot of the Aliens Bill, Mr. Akers-Douglas will figure prominently in the House of Commons during the next few weeks. He is not a showy orator and has no ambition to figure unnecessarily in debate, but as a man of moderate views and courteous manners he is regarded favourably by members on both sides. Moreover, the experience he obtained as a Whip assists him to manage the House. In that capacity he acted during Lord Salisbury's first and second Administrations. He became the head of the Office of Works in 1895, and Mr. Balfour, on succeeding to the Prime Ministership, made him Home Secretary. His patronymic was Akers, and he assumed the name of Douglas thirty years ago, on succeeding to a Scotch estate, but he is not much of a Scot. He is tall and broad-shouldered, with a placid manner.

Holiday-makers who propose to visit the Liège Exhibition will be interested to know that the Great Eastern Railway Company has considerably accelerated the service by the Harwich route between London and Liège. Passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.40 p.m. will arrive at Liège by noon of the following day. Cheap return-tickets for seven days, permitting passengers to break their journey at Brussels, have also been arranged for.

We have received from Mr. John M. Bult, the well-known tailor of Fenchurch Street, a booklet concerning the newest spring fashions, which is worthy of study by those who are interested in the latest styles of clothing.

"LORD DANBY'S LOVE AFFAIR"

THE Vicar of Gorleston is distinctly on the upward path. No one who saw "Church or Stage" as it was recently played at the Savoy could have imagined that in so short a time he would have produced so decidedly strong and vigorous a play as "Lord Danby's Love Affair," with which Miss Constance Collier started an important provincial tour at Leamington the other day. To begin with, he has a really good story to tell, and he tells it with fine emphasis. Of course, in certain respects the play is old-fashioned, but its author has succeeded in blending new methods with a somewhat old-fashioned plot, and the result is a distinctly popular production. A beautiful Countess in the pay of the Russian Government, who steals away the hearts of young and old alike, succeeds also in abstracting important State papers from the youthful secretary of Sir Ewart Plumstead, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. To get these back is the self-imposed duty of Lord Danby, an old lover of the Countess, who has become engaged to the *ingénue* of the piece. During the course of his conversation with the Countess in her bedroom, Constance, the aforesaid *ingénue*, unexpectedly appears, and is confronted with misery for the first time in her life. Sir Ewart's cigarette-case, which is left by Danby in the Countess's bedroom, leads to further complications; and a delightfully handled battle between the Countess and Lady Plumstead adds vastly to the interest of the fourth Act.

The play, as I have said before, is a curious and in some respects

a clever blending of the old and new; the melodrama of the 'seventies is modified by the modernities of to-day, and the general result is by no means unpleasing. At the same time, to pour new wine into old bottles is always a dangerous experiment, and Mr. Forbes Phillips will do well to choose once for all between the ancient and the modern, and to abide by his choice.

The Countess is played by Miss Constance Collier with a grace, a distinction, and an elusive subtlety which greatly adds to the charm and value of the piece. The delicacy of her by-play, and the skill with which she can pass in a moment from humour to pathos, from comedy to tragedy, is remarkable. She is admirably supported by Mr. G. P. Hawtrey, who makes a welcome return to the stage after too long an absence from it. As Sir Ewart Plumstead, he plays with a quiet ease which

greatly adds to the strength of the piece, and which is in marked contrast to the tremendous energy and fiery force with which Mr. Sydney Brough brings down the curtain at the end of the second Act. Mr. Hamilton Stewart and Mr. Luff are rather too solemn and strenuous for noblemen enjoying a holiday in a country-house, though the very bright and amusing Vicomte de Calais of Mr. T. Sidney comes as a welcome relief to their somewhat ponderous solemnity. One of the outstanding features of the play is a most cleverly contrived game of Bridge, for it is not easy to play a stage game of Bridge and to carry on a smart conversation at one and the same moment, and some of the dialogue is really quite good.

R. B.

Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of 25, Old Bond Street, W., have decided to continue for a further few weeks their sale of the choice stock of a West-End jeweller which they recently purchased. Rings, pendants, bracelets, jewel-ornaments, etc., of the finest quality and newest patterns are offered at two-thirds of the original marked prices, an excellent opportunity for those purchasing by the *Times* system, the whole payment not being required at once, but spread over a lengthened period at no enhanced price.

With the approach of the holiday season, many will be interested in the little handbook, entitled, "Concerning the Felix Hotel and Sunny Felixstowe," published by the hotel in question. This well-arranged and well-illustrated little booklet contains a map of the district, particulars of the railway services, and other useful information. The Great Eastern Railway Company has arranged for a much-improved service to Felixstowe, which is already in operation, the whole journey of eighty-five miles now being covered in two hours.



THE WEDDING OF A "SKETCH" ARTIST:
MR AND MRS. FRANK REYNOLDS.

Mr. Frank Reynolds was married to Miss Winifred Milne at St. Saviour's, Maida Vale, on Saturday last. "Sketch" readers, to whom Mr. Reynolds's work is so familiar, will join the "Sketch" staff in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds the best of good luck.

Photographs by Johnson.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 10.

GILT-EDGED, THOUGH CHEAP.

THIS week's incidence of the May Consol Account should serve to direct popular attention to some of the stocks in Capel Court whose prices are suffering unduly from the inflated bull situation, the dearer money fears, or other similarly transient causes. And while one hesitates to pronounce Consols themselves as cheap at the current price, one must also admit the likelihood of reaction taking place as soon as the present Settlement has been concluded. A fair amount of the weaker bull account was weeded out last week, during the march of the Moroccan slump, and concurrently with this process there sprang up a good deal of bear selling, which should prove of decided value to the market directly prices begin to mend. But rather than Consols, we would buy the Irish Land 2½ per Cent. Guaranteed stock. In this security the weak bull account was even staler than was the case with Consols, and the price suffered accordingly as the tired holders hastened to get out. We doubt whether many of them reflected that the price of the stock will be quoted at a full six months' dividend in four weeks' time. The deduction of 1½ per cent. will give Irish a very cheap appearance, bringing it down to nearly 91½ ex-dividend. The interest is ½ per cent. more than that obtainable from Consols, the security is practically identical, and the prices are less than three points apart. Another cheap gilt-edged stock is the recently-settled Lagos 3½ per cent. loan, which is available for trustees, and stands at something like a discount upon the issue-price of 97. A 3½ per cent. Crown Colony, trustee investment at 96 should not be allowed to go begging. As a good 4 per cent. bond, the Grand Trunk Pacific Fours at about 101 are difficult to find fault with. They have the guarantee of the Grand Trunk Railway, ranking immediately below the Debenture stock of that Company. Then, too, the Canadian Northern and Trunk Pacific 3 per cent. loans, both guaranteed by the Dominion Government and both standing at a small discount, will certainly improve as time advances. No one can complain that the Stock Exchange is lacking in attractive stock, and the approach of cheaper money, or the end of the war, would quickly bring about a revival in the gilt-edged sections.

AMERICANS IN LONDON.

Writing a week ago upon the subject of American Rails, the prophecy was hazarded that "the market is wavering to its fall." The events of the few following days amply confirmed the estimate of the market's position, and the slump in Yankees spread a fresh reason for disquiet, round the already depressed Stock Exchange. Possibly the sentiment was exaggerated, because, after all, only a very small proportion of speculators have been gambling in Americans. Differences were faithfully met on the last Settling-day, although we know one or two firms of brokers who had to finance certain clients for the time being. But serious trouble did not materialise, and there is yet more than a week before the next pay-day comes into sight.

At the root of the evil that brought Americans down with such a run lies the over-trading, as we suppose it may be called, on the part of the few Wall Street gamblers with whom speculation has developed into little less than a mania. To imagine such a thing as the Chairman of our North-Western Railway or the directors of the London and Westminster Bank leading extensive movements in the Stock Markets, with all the glare of advertisement derived from newspaper paragraphs, is out of the question, and yet this is what practically happens on the other side. Heads of leading Railroads and financial institutions openly gamble, and their speculations are chronicled daily in the papers. The absence of jobbers in the Wall Street and other United States Stock Exchanges is eminently useful at times to these market-leaders, since the jobber, who acts as a harmless, necessary bulwark, is not known. Dealings

are transacted by auction, and the difference in the two systems of London and New York renders prices in the latter centre peculiarly susceptible to the most violent fluctuations. As we write, the operators on both sides of the pond are nearly all sellers; maybe a judicious bull account in Atchisons, Steel Preferred, Erie, and Southern Pacific would turn out a very profitable little speculation. We do not suppose for a moment that the "bosses" have finished with the market yet.

OUR BROKEN HILL LETTER.

We have received an interesting letter from our Broken Hill correspondent, of which, on account of lack of space, we are only able to give half in this issue. We commend what our correspondent calls a short history of the Proprietary Mine to the consideration of our readers as an extraordinary example of the prizes drawn out of the mining lottery. Next week, our correspondent will deal more fully with the position and prospects of the Sulphide Corporation, the British, and the North Mines, in all of which English readers are considerably concerned—

Broken Hill, March 15, 1905.

Since November last until about a fortnight ago the Broken Hill mines and the local mineral industry generally wore a very healthy look. Lead kept chiefly between £12 10s. and £13, and promised to go higher; and all the long-shut-down mines had either started or were making preparations to do so. But just lately lead has shown a tendency to drop, and contemporaneously, the Hill has had a rather disagreeable mining "incident." The incident concerns one of the smaller mines, the Junction North, which, after numerous experiments, was formally started on lines that were going to revolutionise the local treatment of ores. Instead of the ordinary concentrating-mill, sets of magnetic separators were installed to treat the crudes. The experiments were satisfactory, the output for the coming twelve months was sold (the concentrates not to be lower than 65 per cent. lead and 35 oz. silver);

and then the management "discovered" that the ball-mills in use crushed the ore too fine and made too many slimes. Plant was accordingly shut down once more, to allow of the introduction of old-style Cornish rolls as crushers. This is the bare story; the story of why the ball-mills did not work properly and why certain other things occurred, Broken Hill hopes will see light per medium of a public inquiry. Only then will a newspaper dare to print the whole truth. The mine has since re-started, but the public is far from satisfied.

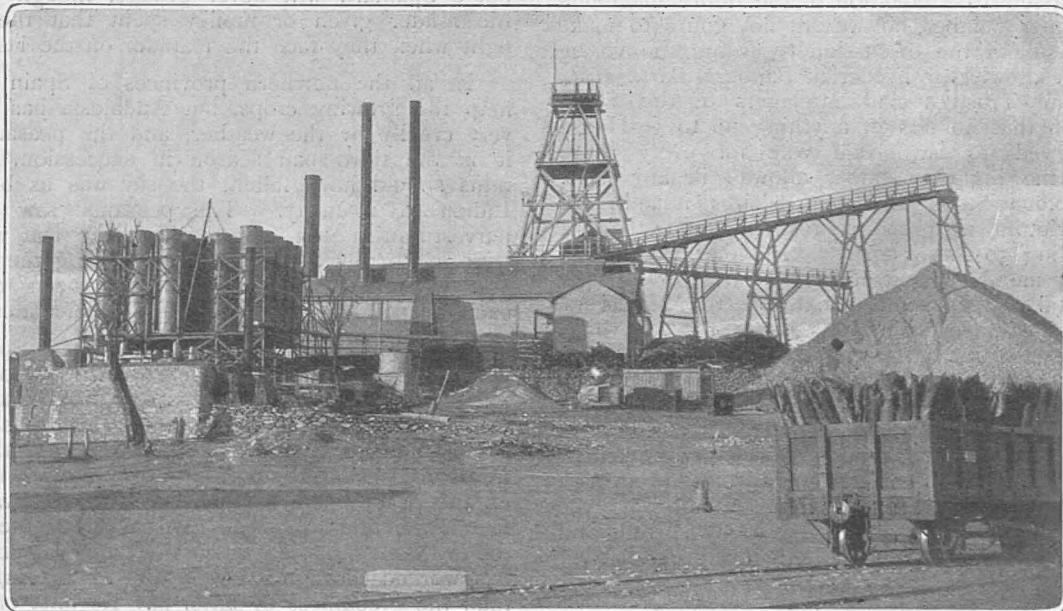
This Junction North "incident" has been a set-back, especially as regards the share market; but there is much that is favourable to be written about the field as a whole. The zinc industry has been placed on an exceedingly firm footing.

Three mines—the Proprietary, Central (Sulphide Corporation), and Block 14—have been week by week steadily turning out a zinc concentrate, averaging 42 per cent. of zinc. The Proprietary the other week treated 4,200 tons of "tailings"—those huge dumps of residues that now total about 6,000,000 tons—for 1,500 tons of concentrates, and looked as if it could keep this output up. However, the European Combination has set its face against the Proprietary, and the salt-cake plant is to be shut down from the end of this week, possibly until the proposed spelter plant is erected. Then the Company will enter into open competition with Europe. Nearly all the concentrates have been exported. The Central has treated a few at its Cockle Creek works, and has proved that it can treat at a profit. The Proprietary, however, thoroughly alive to the importance of the industry, decided recently to erect large works for the manufacture of spelter; and at the half-yearly meeting of the Company, a few days back, the Chairman announced that it would not be long before the Company was producing 5 to 6 per cent. of the world's supply. The other mines between them will probably be producing either the spelter or the zinc concentrates from which the spelter is made, in equal quantity; so that the world can expect Broken Hill to shortly—in the course of months—produce 10 to 12 per cent. of the total supply. The Central zinc-plant now comprises about forty-five Mechernich magnetic separators; the Proprietary uses the Delprat salt-cake process; Block 10 runs an adaptation of the Potter and Delprat ideas. The Proprietary also produces sulphuric acid in large quantities, so the cost of its process has been much less than that of the others. What the zinc industry already is to Broken Hill can be judged from the value of the concentrates exported year by year since 1897, namely—

1897	£14,401	1901	£396
1898	19,151	1902	239
1899	40,916	1903	29,950
1900	38,611	1904	113,118

As I have said, there are about 6,000,000 tons of by-products awaiting re-treatment, and the dumps are being added to by nearly 18,000 tons per week. The Central in its last official year treated 146,000 tons; the Australian Metal Company at its local works has been treating 50,000 tons annually. This Metal Company was the pioneer of zinc treatment on the Barrier. It bought some of the dumps cheaply, experimented, and did well. Now, the mines see the value of the dumps and won't sell, so the death of the Metal Company in this connection cannot be far off.

During 1904 (at the end of the year 7,000 men were at work on the mines) the several Companies distributed £302,000 in dividends—namely, Proprietary, £192,000; South, £40,000; Sulphide Corporation, £41,250; North, £13,750; and British, £15,000. Already this year the Proprietary has distributed £72,000, and the South £20,000. Until a few days ago all the Companies named were making magnificent profits, and even with lead at £12 (it has since improved a few points) they are all



THE KALGURLI GOLD-MINE, KALGOORLIE, WEST AUSTRALIA.

well on the right side. In its last half-year the Proprietary made a profit of £158,274, a profit only exceeded in those days when lead was at "boom" prices. A summarised history of this wonderful mine is appropriate here—

	Ore. Tons.	Silver. Oz.	Lead. Tons.	Gross profits.	Dividends.
May, 1898 ..	204,731	2,873,684	15,803	£177,567	£144,000
Nov., 1898 ..	204,067	2,691,546	15,190	152,876	144,000
May, 1899 ..	202,693	2,218,234	17,823	142,180	144,000
Nov., 1899 ..	206,193	2,502,463	17,831	144,492	96,000
May, 1900 ..	232,487	2,175,422	15,472	129,576	96,000
Nov., 1900 ..	293,451	2,780,937	21,855	167,795	120,000
May, 1901 ..	296,389	3,009,164	27,869	102,505	120,000
Nov., 1901 ..	305,628	2,683,946	30,457	56,293	48,000
May, 1902 ..	308,878	2,554,169	32,289	68,236	48,000
Nov., 1902 ..	334,709	2,798,020	33,522	73,459	48,000
May, 1903 ..	289,263	2,419,367	32,029	77,963	48,000
Nov., 1903 ..	283,282	2,462,776	30,808	91,999	48,000
May, 1904 ..	305,512	2,525,576	34,280	126,874	120,000
Nov., 1904 ..	324,535	2,564,342	35,552	158,274	96,000

The Proprietary Mine could not look better than it does at the present juncture. Deep-levels exploration has proved eminently satisfactory, large ore-bodies having been opened on down to the 1,000-foot level, and supplies are never lacking. Both here and at Port Pirie the machinery is being perpetually improved in the direction of economy and working for higher recoveries, and success invariably follows adoption. By the way, very little oxidised ore is being won nowadays (the open cuts are worked solely for refilling-material), sintered slimes having almost completely taken the place of the carbonate ores for mixing with the sulphide concentrates.

STOCK EXCHANGE GOVERNMENT.

To-day, Wednesday, the shareholders in the Stock Exchange meet to discuss the question as to who should enjoy the preponderance of voting power—the small proprietors or the great. It is known to many people that Stock Exchange shares are paid up to the extent of £12 apiece, that the price stands about 240, that the largest holding allowed to an individual account is 200 shares, and that the highest number of votes permitted to any proprietor is three. To-day's meeting will probably assent to a reduction in the future maximum holding of shares to 100 per member, but we are not going to make any-guesses about the result of the discussion regarding the voting powers, because we don't know. Sir Frederick Banbury, Bart., M.P., and his colleagues, the Trustees and Managers of the Stock Exchange, are of opinion that holders of anything up to 50 House shares should be allowed to have one vote for every share held, fifty votes to be the highest number allowed in any case. But there are only 20,000 Stock Exchange shares issued, and there are eleven proprietors with 200 shares each and about a hundred and thirty holding 50 shares apiece. In other words, less than a hundred and fifty members control 8,700 shares, or 43½ per cent. of the total capital. This means that, on the Managers' proposal, such a handful of men would possess over 7,000 votes. Against this suggestion an influential opposition has made a tardy appearance, and although the Managers promptly met the arguments levelled against their proposal, the scheme has given rise to much controversy, which comes to a point in to-day's meeting of Stock Exchange shareholders. In the ordinary way, the average proprietor takes as little interest in the conduct of his enterprise as the average shareholder in an ordinary Company takes in *his*, but for once the apathy of the broker and jobber has been unwontedly stirred, and the result of the meeting was awaited with quite lively curiosity.

Saturday, April 29, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

STONEHENGE.—No. 1 has land with good mining prospects, but as to tin we only know current report; No. 2 is a Lewis and Marks concern, capital too big; No. 3 is largely interested in Uni Rus; No. 4 is a John Taylor Company with fair prospects; No. 5 depends on the success or failure of Nile Valleys. The Rhodesian Copper concerns and the Tanganyika Company we have no fancy for. On the whole, we prefer Nos. 1 and 3. As to Rhodesia Copper, our idea is that it will be a long time before it can be worked at a profit, because of its situation. We prefer Banket. Our objection to No. 13 is its large capital, which, considering the low grade and the present price, makes it unattractive. To value the concern at £9,000,000 is excessive. Nos. 14 and 15 are reasonable gambles.

C. O.—We never give names of members of the Stock Exchange in this column. Possibly Nathan Keizer and Co., of Threadneedle Street, might do your business. They are reliable.

H. KNIGHTLEY.—The best investments of the class you want are the 6 per cent. Debentures of the United States or New York Breweries. Lyons are all right, but high enough. Chadburn's Ship Telegraph Preference might suit.

LANCASHIRE.—The Railway shares have risen because of the improved prospects of the Nitrate industry, and even at present price will probably give a fair return.

G. E. K.—We do not think the shares you name a promising investment, as the papers were sold, in our opinion, at their top price. The competition among halfpenny papers is increasing every day.

C. R. L.—We have been able to discover nothing radically wrong with the Company. It is said that all the money necessary has been provided.

ALPHA BETA.—We have no information which will enable us to give an opinion of value as to the Fairbairn Company. In our opinion, the Power Company's Bill would not injure the Company you name, but the directors think otherwise.

C. R. D.—(1) We must decline to guess at the Steamship dividend. South African trade has been dull, but the price seems low. (2) Considering the dividend, the Cable shares are reasonably safe. (3) The prospects of the Tea Company are good; more we cannot say. (4) A reasonable investment, not unduly risky considering the return. (5) The Banks you name have risen for special reasons, one because it has made a lot of money out of new loans and over the Eastern War generally, and the other because of the improvement in the Nitrate industry. Considering all things, neither rise appears excessive.

TITUS.—(1) We continue to hear good accounts of this Company. If you look upon the purchase as a speculation, you might average. (2) A Mining investment, giving a good return, but without the chances of any big rise.

THE CLUBMAN.

Southwards for Sunshine—Chilly Madrid—Scorched Andalusia—The Lugubrious Spaniard—Seville at Easter.

FLYING southwards on one of my quests in search of sunshine, I left London bitten to the bone by a cold, south-west wind, and Paris even colder than London, though the chestnuts in the Champs-Élysées were all tufted with green plumes ready to break into white under the sun of the first really hot day. The rain drummed hard on the carriage-roof throughout the night, as the train ran through the Pyrenees country, but next morning there was a cloudless sky of milky blue above the plains of young corn, and at Escorial the chestnuts and lilac were in full bloom.

Madrid I found cold, though not as cold as Paris or London, and that treacherous wind which, it is said, will not blow out a candle, but will kill a man, was bringing the breath of the snow down from the mountains. All the men were wearing their great-coats, and the women of the people had wrapped themselves closely in their woollen shawls, for, though the sun was hot enough where it struck, the shady side of the streets was icy cold.

A second night spent in the train brought me into the Southern warmth at last, but it was sorrowful to look out of the window upon the baked fields of Andalusia. Where the barley and oats should be as high as a man's thigh, they were no taller than the calf of his leg—poor, stunted, starved crops, not worth the trouble of reaping; and the cattle and mules nibbling at the brown turf showed on what short commons they had been kept this year, for their ribs were visible under their staring coats. Only the young bulls in the fenced-in Ganaderias seemed sleek and full of life; but a Spaniard will never grudge, though he be starving himself, the fodder given or money spent that the bulls may be full of fight when they face the matador on the last Sunday of their lives.

In all the northern provinces of Spain the rain has come to help the growing crops, but Andalusia has this year been treated very cruelly by the weather, and the peasants are in despair, for it is the third bad season in succession. In March, when the rains should have fallen, the sky was as brass and the heat was Indian in intensity. The peasants saw all hope of a good harvest vanish, but believed that the sun which had spoiled their oats and barley and wheat would bring them a fine crop of olives. Just when the heat would have been of use, there came a sudden spell of cold, which did incalculable harm.

I am told that all the gaiety of the Spaniard is disappearing, that, going out into the country districts, one no longer finds the peasants dancing as they used to, and that the sombre, hopeless men whom I once saw swarm into Cordoba and stand up unarmed to be charged by the Guardia Civil are the type of the present tillers of the land, not the joyous souls who figure in novels and on the comic-opera stage. The poor fellows have a growing belief that a republic would be a panacea for their ills, but I fancy that the evil done long ago, when the land was stripped of all its forests, has worked more harm to Spain, in making it a rainless country, than the greediness of latter-day Royalist officials.

Seville is Seville, however, sunny and gay whether times be good or bad for the countryside. During the time when a good downpour of rain would have saved the crops, all the carved and painted figures of the Saints from the churches were carried in procession through the streets. Each Saint had his or her section of supporters who boasted that their own especial patron or patroness amongst the canonised would succeed where the others had failed; but though all the major and the minor Saints went out in due state, no rain fell. All the dirges of Holy Week, the penitents carrying tapers, and the Roman soldiers who march to the perpetual sounds of the Dead March day and night, availed nothing, and, with the coming of Easter Sunday, Seville and all its guests, and the peasants who came riding into the town by hundreds on their mules, settled down to be merry under creditable circumstances.

The High Mass in the Cathedral on Easter Sunday was glorious; but it was curious, instead of hearing the sound of English from the camera-bearing tourists who clustered everywhere in the aisles, to find that French was the language which was being spoken. A great French steamer, the largest vessel which has ever come up the river to Seville, was lying off the wharf by the Golden Tower, and the "savants" and "savantes" on board were seeing the sights very thoroughly.

In the afternoon was a bull-fight, the first one of the year, which I did not go to, for the butchery of the horses at the only one I have witnessed determined me never to go inside a Spanish bull-ring again. I walked in the Paseo de las Delicias, the acacia-sheltered gardens and drive, and saw all Seville taking its drive after the fight was over, a fight which I was secretly glad to hear was a failure. The ladies looked wonderfully picturesque in their white mantillas, which they wear on bull-fight Sundays and during the fair week, and the great bunches of roses or carnations at their bosoms and the blues and pinks of their dresses made patches of brilliant colour which seemed quite in place under the golden sunshine of the late afternoon.